

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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WILLIAM BYRD'S GOOD TURN

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OLD JAN AND HIS WONDERFUL LOCKS

THE CLEVER BLACKSMITH OF WARSAW

Something He Made Dearer Than All the World's Money

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY

By Our Poland Correspondent

North of Warsaw, in the small village of Golotczyzna, lives an old blacksmith.

You can see him every day in his forge, hammering bars of iron and shaping them into horseshoes, meeting everybody with a smile. Jan Wisniewski is somebody worth knowing.

As an apprentice Jan emigrated to America, where he hoped to earn more money than in his native land. He was an orphan, so it was no hardship to leave Poland.

In the Foundry

At first he got a job in an ironfoundry. It was hard work, and Jan didn't understand a word that was said to him. When he went for the first time to the foundry he was so afraid that they would find him not good enough that he strained his youthful body until every muscle was sore.

"Take it easy," said the other workmen.

But Jan didn't understand, and thought they were urging him to work faster.

One day Jan's master wanted a lock. Jan promised to make one.

The lock he made was a marvel. Nobody could find the way to open it. The master gave Jan £2 for this. That was a lot of money for Jan, but the fun of making the lock thrilled him much more than the money.

How His Dream Came True

From that time he spent all his spare hours making locks. He searched the rubbish heaps in the neighbourhood for metals, and soon got together quite a collection of copper, brass, iron, steel.

The locks he turned out became more and more beautiful. They were not only very ingenious, but had lovely shapes, and were decorated with beautiful designs of inlaid metals.

Presently Jan got a very good place in a rifle factory; he even became head of one of the departments. He was now earning quite a lot of money, but he didn't spend much of it on his living; every spare dollar was put aside for his journey home, for the land he wanted to buy, and for the house he wanted to build. However, it took Jan 20 years of hard work to make his dream come true.

One day he collected all his savings, took his favourite locks (which he wouldn't have sold for anything in the world), and started for Poland.

His marvellous locks were discovered on the boat and created a sensation. A competition was announced and a

Girl Pipers On Parade



This is not a picture from north of the Tweed. It shows the famous bagpipe band, formed by girls of Dagenham in Essex, which appeared the other day at a fête in the Albert Hall.

prize offered for anyone who could find out how to unlock them.

Everybody tried, but with no success. The captain offered Jan £20 for one of his locks, and one passenger would have given him more, but Jan refused.

"It is dearer to me than all the money in the world," he told them.

"What a stupid man," said the passenger, irritably; "he will never make a fortune."

The passenger was right. Jan never made a fortune, but he has something instead which no money can buy—he is a happy man.

Today he has a small piece of land and a small house with a forge. He married and has four grown-up children. Of course he has to work hard to make his living, but that doesn't matter, for in his cottage he has a treasure room, a secret place where he finds the reward for all his arduous toil. There he sits late in the night making

the most marvellous locks. Some of them would surely fetch a fortune, and big offers have been made to Jan by some of the Polish museums.

But Jan refuses to part with them. "They shall have them all for nothing when I die," he said, "but while I live they are mine."

One of them is designed for a big gate. It is made of steel, brass, and copper, and has the shape of a Gothic shrine. The hole for the key is well hidden: it would take a long time to find it. There are 32 consecutive ways of opening this lock, and it took 15 years to make.

Jan has also made some beautiful clocks: his latest dream is to make one that will never stop. It is strange to meet a man like Jan in this mechanical age. He works like some of the medieval artists, who were content to spend a lifetime on one little masterpiece. But they knew how to enjoy work, and we seem to have forgotten it.

THE FLYER FROM SOUTH AFRICA

BRAVE VICTOR SMITH

Refusing a Thousand Pounds For a Drink Advertisement

HIS MOTHER'S SCRAP OF PAPER

There are various kinds of courage and manliness to be met with in life, but it is a long time since we heard as good and stirring an example as that shown in this story of Mr Victor Smith, who is still with us and waiting for the chance to fly back to South Africa.

Everybody knows about his hazardous flight from South Africa to England, but everybody does not know one or two details connected with it.

Mr Smith was offered £1000 by a firm of distillers if he would ask for a whisky and milk, "just for a pick-me-up," as soon as he landed. *He refused.* He was also offered a cheque for £400 if he would say that he smoked a certain brand of cigarettes on his way. *Nothing of the sort,* said young Mr Victor Smith. Also, at the hotel where he was staying, surrounded with admiration, someone brought him a special South African cocktail. *Thank you, but I never take cocktails,* said Mr Victor Smith.

A Man With Principles

Now, this nineteen-year-old young man is not a temperance reformer, a leader of an anti-cigarette campaign; he is simply a young man with principles. We all have principles, the result of our outlook on life, the basis of our conduct in life, but not often are they put to such a severe test as this. Fourteen hundred pounds against one whisky and a packet of cigarettes is as severe a test of a young man's principles as you will find. There are few people of this age who would be so stalwart for conscience sake. It is a fine story, and we are glad to put it on record.

Probably, if anyone asked Mr Victor Smith how he came to have these principles, he would say something about his mother and the Bible. He is not ashamed of admitting that he believes in God and is conscious of God's power behind him. His mother taught him.

Inspiring Words

When Victor was on his way here he found a little note from her. He had left the Cape soon after midnight, and when dawn broke he spied a bit of paper fluttering from a crevice in the machinery into the cockpit. It was a note from his mother, just saying:

For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.

These inspiring words stayed with him in the loneliness of the desert, when he was solitary as one bird in the vast air; and perhaps in these hazardous hours he learned something more of the strength of the spirit without which no man becomes great.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN BACK TO HIS OLD HAUNTS Famous Schoolmaster's Memory of a Famous Schoolboy

A TEACHER AND HIS WIG

Mr Joseph Chamberlain, one of the political fighters of the last generation, is largely forgotten in these days, but many people who remember him have been reading the new *Life* now being written by Mr Garvin, the famous editor of Lord Astor's Sunday paper *The Observer*.

A much-esteemed friend of the C.N. far-off in the Dominions (a famous schoolmaster) sends us these notes of Mr Chamberlain's visit to the scene of his schooldays.

I once had the honour of entertaining Mr Joseph Chamberlain and his wife at lunch at University College, London. After lunch we went through his old school, then in the south wing of the building. It was the first time Mr Chamberlain had revisited the old haunts since he went daily to and fro between them and Camberwell Grove.

Do It Today

The sight of the once familiar rooms awakened old memories, and he had many stories to tell of his old schooldays. Here was the portrait of his old mathematical teacher, a precise and formal figure with cravat and a most indubitable wig.

"Yes," he said, "I remember that wig. We all do. The first day he wore it we were all on the giggle, with many a laughing sidelong glance at each other. He was conscious, of course, and at once he took his wig off, exposing the nakedness of the land, and, placing it on the top of a file of papers on his desk, on which he kept odd memoranda of punishments imposed, he said 'Yes, boys, there you are. If you want to have a laugh at it do it today. Laugh at it as much as you like today. But after today if I see a snigger or a giggle, my wigs, you shall rue it.'

Out of Favour

We then came to a classroom which had an iron stanchion passing up through the floor and through the ceiling. There had been some structural alteration which necessitated this special support. "It was there in my day," said Mr Chamberlain, "and well I remember it. I have reason. It was Mr Horton's own room. He was Headmaster. One afternoon I found myself somewhat out of favour with my schoolfellows. I didn't play games and I had said something slighting, as Rudyard Kipling did not long ago, about the athletic champions and athletics in general. They didn't like it. I was quite unpopular for a week or two, as I have been since now and again with certain sections of the people.

Tied to a Stanchion

"One of the ways the boys showed it was by hustling me off the path in the playground on to the slope at the edge. And one afternoon toward the end of the last period Mr Horton was called out. Some visitor had called to see the Headmaster. Mr Horton said something about reading on in the book till he came back, and the boys knew the bell would go before he got back. So soon as the door was closed they put a 'cavy' outside, and then set to and tied me up to that stanchion. When the bell rang they all cleared out and left me.

"If they thought that was going to convert me to athleticism they were mistaken. I remained, and do remain, of the same opinion still."

There was one other teacher whose portrait he noticed. "Ah, yes," he said, "he used to say that his class was the most hopeless set of irreclaimable duffers he had ever had in the whole course of his professional experience. 'Teaching you boys,' he said, 'is like firing cannon balls into mountains of mud.' We ought to have been duly impressed, but unfortunately we had been told beforehand that he said the same thing about

A GREAT ADVENTURE Four Monks Set Out On It

When four monks of St Bernard embarked at Marseilles the other day for Saigon in French Cochinchina the first chapter was started of another wonderful story of real life.

They are on their way to Si La near the south-east corner of Tibet, and there, near the top of the pass, they hope to found a new hospice of St Bernard.

They are not taking with them any St Bernard dogs. This may be because of the long and difficult journey from Saigon to Si La. Through Tongking they will travel on foot and horseback, and if all goes well they should reach Si La by the end of April. Later on some St Bernard dogs may be sent out to them.

Their luggage contains a queer assortment: ornaments for a chapel, Chinese clothes, a typewriter, folding beds, a wireless set, and other comforts of civilisation to make the isolation of a very lonely life more bearable.

When these monks, whose names are Father Melly, Father Coquez, Brother Duc, and Brother Chappet, arrive at Si La they will set to work at once and prepare to build a hospice.

Many strange wayfarers will benefit from the unselfish devotion of these monks. The hospice may be also a refuge for visitors from the skies, forced down by bad weather during flights across Asia in the days to come when better communications make Tibet, with all its remoteness, seem a part of Europe.

HIS PRINCELY GENEROSITY

And His Kingly Character

We admire you for your princely generosity. We love you for your kingly character.

Could any man wish his town to say anything more of him? Sunderland has just been saying it of one of her great citizens, Sir John Priestman, in presenting him with its freedom. Sir John has given £250,000 to charities, and in his speech he recalled the time when he first visited Sunderland with a companion, the two being threepence short for the train fares.

He regarded his prosperity, he said, as a great answer to prayer.

SHE KNEW LIVINGSTONE

Miss Jessie Lennox, who has died in Edinburgh at 102, deserved her extra allowance of springs and summers in this beautiful world.

In the service of other people she worked very hard during her long life. As long ago as 1858 she went to Africa as a missionary. On her second voyage out, 70 years ago, she travelled with Livingstone's wife from Durban to the mouth of the Zambesi, and there witnessed the meeting of the great explorer and his wife.

When she returned to England she was connected with the Nightingale Training School for Nurses and became a great friend of Florence Nightingale. At Netley she did pioneer work as one of the first six Army Sisters appointed to the Victoria Hospital.

Continued from the previous column
every class he had taught since he came to the school."

But the abuse and the stanchion and the wig had all been, if not forgotten, at any rate forgiven. His retrospect was kindly and happy. When I looked up his record I found he had several prizes to his credit for winning the first place in some of the highest classes.

Had he taken a University Course he would have won the highest distinctions at Oxford and Cambridge, just as he would have risen to the top of any career he might have chosen. But the summons of his uncle to take a hand in the new developments in the screw manufacture in Birmingham set him on other roads to greatness.

OLD WILLIAM BYRD HOW HE HELPED A POOR WOMAN

New Discovery in a National Treasure House

PENSION FOR A REBEL'S WIFE

A fascinating discovery has just been made in that treasure-house, the Public Record Office.

It brings to light the only signature we know of William Byrd except those on his will, and we rejoice that it shows the Father of Music doing a kindly thing for a poor woman.

First of all there came into private hands a document written in 1581 by Byrd, who, another great madrigal writer said, should never be mentioned by musicians without reverence.

The document certified that Dorothea Tempest, wife of Michael Tempest, was alive, and it was given in order that an annuity of £21 might be paid to her, she "having no other thyng left to Receve and Mayntayne her and her fyve Childrene."

Detained at Court

A search was made in the Public Record Office, and the letter which had accompanied the certificate was found.

It was addressed to Mr Petre, one of the officers of Queen Elizabeth's exchequer at Westminster, and it begins:

Meeting you lately in Aldersgate Street at Sir John Petre's house I moved you for the payment of the Annuity due unto Mrs Dorothea Tempest at Michaellmass last past for ye quarter before past.

Mr Petre had promised to give the money to Byrd in a fortnight's time, but the composer says he cannot come for it, because "My attendance heere at the Court is so requisite." So he encloses the certificate, and asks Mr Petre to pay the money to "ye partye yt shall Bring the same unto you. And thus," the letter concludes, "wth my verie hartye comendations I comit you to God."

Queen Elizabeth's Clemency

The letter and certificate are precious, the only other autographs of the composer being those on the will he made in 1622, in his eightieth year. They are interesting as throwing a light on his character: we find him befriending a woman and her children whom some would have feared to befriend.

Michael Tempest had been condemned after the Northern Catholic Rebellion in 1570. No doubt his property was confiscated, but, as Byrd writes, "it hathe plased the Q. Matie of her great clemencie and goodness" to give Dorothea Tempest £21 a year. The rebel had escaped into Spain and entered the service of the Queen's great foe Philip the Second.

A Brave and Kindly Thing

The letter is interesting as evidence, too, for we know very little of Byrd's private life. He was made organist of Lincoln Cathedral in 1563, and became a gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1569. Like Shakespeare, he acquired a coat-of-arms and a country house, Standon Place, near Ongar in Essex, which his grandson inherited.

These are almost the only known facts; but it is believed that this servant of a Protestant princess belonged to the Roman Church, and the document that has just come to light shows him as the champion of a Roman Catholic rebel's wife.

The rumour seems to be true: and it suggests a greater degree of religious tolerance in Elizabeth and her Court than some would have us believe could exist so soon after the close of the reign of Queen Mary.

At any rate, Byrd's intervention was a brave and kindly thing.

NEXT WEEK'S C.N. Three Remarkable Gifts

Two years ago the C.N. introduced to its readers a novel method of viewing pictures stereoscopically. Judging by numerous letters to the Editor the pictures proved very popular, and several readers asked for more.

Encouraged by this success the C.N. has decided to publish more stereoscopic pictures, and the first of these will appear next week. The pictures are printed in a special way so that when they are viewed through coloured eyepieces they can be seen with lifelike effect, giving a wonderful impression of depth which cannot be seen in an ordinary photograph.

So that readers can keep the sheets of pictures as they appear week by week in the C.N., a special self-binder album has been prepared. This album and a pair of magic spectacles, together with the first four pages of *Lifelike Pictures*, will be given with next week's issue of the C.N.

Your friends will be glad to know of these wonderful gifts; and you will be well advised to make sure of your own copy of next week's C.N. by placing an order with your newsagent now.

And next week will be offered to all C.N. readers a magnificent opportunity to acquire for almost nothing one of the best books ever made for children.

BRIGHTER BLOOMSBURY The Roman Corridors in the British Museum

Visitors to the British Museum of late will have welcomed the great improvement in the first gallery they enter to the left of the door.

Formerly the principal feature of this long, dark room was a row of Roman emperors, for the most part busts on marble pedestals, against a dark background. A few of these busts were not the work of the Romans, but copies; and others, though once Roman, were better examples of 18th-century restoration than of original classical sculpture. These have been removed.

In addition to the genuinely Roman portraits in this gallery, others of unidentified people are now grouped here with them on a long shelf divided into curved bays. A background of pale green with buff stippling is used to throw up the marble of the sculptures.

On the dark opposite side of the gallery the mosaics, milestones, and other objects from Roman Britain have been replaced by a series of Roman sarcophagi of the second and third centuries. The gallery is now truly representative of the Roman sculptor's art, and loses nothing by the change.

Upstairs the third Egyptian Room has been reorganised. By a series of partitions special objects are assembled together, such as wall paintings from the tombs—the finest anywhere outside the tombs themselves—papyrus, and so on.

THINGS SAID

We are now operating 12,000 miles of Empire Airways.

Chairman of Imperial Airways

The only continuing victims of the war are the victors.

Chairman of P. & O. Company

It is in the East End, not in Mayfair, that the true moderns are being born.

Mr Thomas Burke

A prosperous England is worth more to us than all she owes us.

Wall Street Journal, U.S.A.

I have never been in power except at the worst moments of French history.

Monsieur Herriot

Nearly a third of the families in the list of landowners 12 years ago are now "landed" no more. Mr John Stevenson

JANUARY LAMBS : SUNSET ON THE THAMES · RING O' ROSES



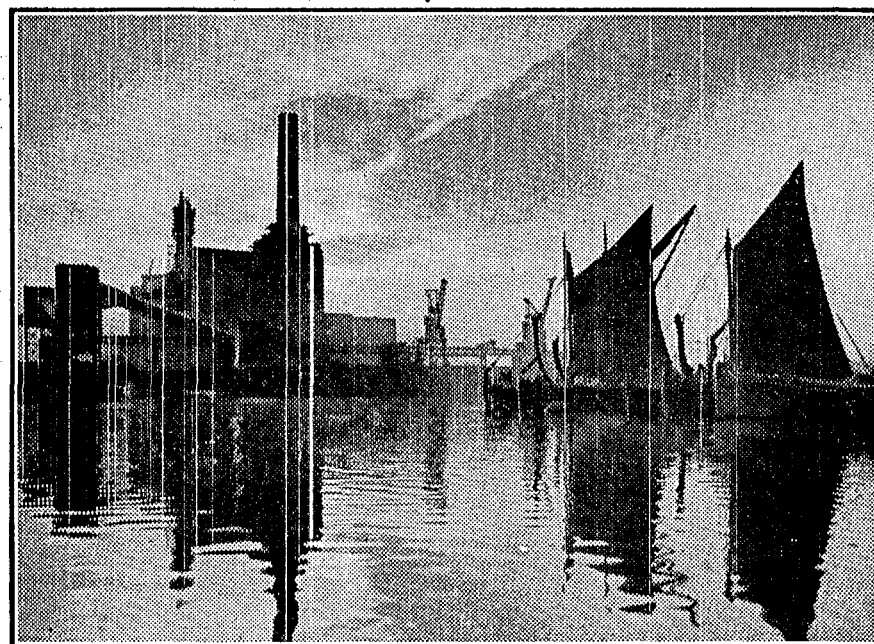
January Lambs—Lambs are making their appearance in many flocks. These two little people are making friends with some new arrivals on a farm at Caldicot in Monmouthshire.



Feeding the Ducks—This is always a popular pastime with children, and, judging by this delightful picture from Yorkshire, it is no less appreciated by the ducks themselves.



Ring o' Roses—Here are some of the girls of Dr Barnardo's Village Home at Barkingside who gave a display in a fête held recently in aid of the Homes.



A London Sunset—In this picture the setting Sun is throwing up in strong relief the sails of Thames barges and the great new power station by the river at Battersea.



Light-Ray Railway—A model railway controlled by a photo-electric cell was shown at a Schoolboy's Exhibition in London. The trains stopped when a voice told them to do so.

CAPTIVE IN THE WATERS TALE OF A DIVER

Heroic Adventures in Saving
a Treasure Ship

MAN HURLED INTO MID-AIR

One morning a few weeks ago the crew of the salvage ship Chubb began to be anxious.

They missed the frequent signals they usually received from Mr J. F. Thomson, the head diver, during the long periods, often lasting hours, he spent under water.

Mr Thomson was inspecting the wreck of the Cariboo, which three years ago sank off the mouth of the Keiskamma River, Cape Colony. Already more than twelve tons of copper ingots had been recovered from the hold.

Special Emergency Measures

As even their test signals were unanswered the crew hastily prepared the special emergency measures, and, instead of the 40 pounds air pressure to the square inch, which is normally required to lift a diver, they sent down 60 pounds and increased it to 65.

More than this they dared not use for fear of bursting Thomson's diving-suit. They waited in growing suspense and apprehension. Still there was no sign of him.

Quickly Mr Faulds, the second diver, prepared himself and descended to meet he knew not what horror of the deep. When he reached the sea-bed he found that constant blasting had loosened the plating of the Cariboo.

It did not take him long to discover that two plates from her side had fallen; and he found Thomson pinned beneath them so that he could not make the slightest movement.

Heroism Under Water

Faulds returned to the Chubb. Full steam was raised and the winches prepared. Once more he descended, taking with him grab hooks and wire belts, which he fastened to the plates. Then he gave the signal All Clear, and the Chubb pulled away strongly and at the same time sent down pressure to fill the imprisoned diver's suit with air. The combined forces released him and shot him through the water into the air. Before anyone could help him he fell back into the weeds above the sunken hatchway.

To rescue his friend Faulds had to clamber among the slippery and decayed wreckage, which threatened to give way beneath his weight.

He knew that he was risking his life, but all divers are heroes.

He found Thomson entangled in the weeds, but managed to set him free.

Then for the second time Thomson shot upward. This time he was hurled six feet into the air and landed with a thud in the water. The crew looked on in dismay. It was scarcely possible that a man could live through so terrible an experience, but they quickly hauled him on deck.

A Happy Ending

To their surprise Thomson was alive. His one thought was of gratitude to those who had saved him, and he managed to whisper it before he sank into unconsciousness for three days. With sail and steam the Chubb sped him to East London and to a nursing home.

We are glad to say that the story has a happy ending. Our correspondent tells us that Thomson will soon be well again and be able to add this tale to his many diving adventures.

Soon after he was landed the Chubb went back to duty. Off Lourenço Marquez, in the same eerie silence and beneath heavy undercurrents, her divers are now salvaging another vessel.

The Nation and the Greyhound Track

The Sudden Appearance of New Gambling Centres in Our Great Cities

ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE TOTALISATOR AND ITS MENACE

THERE has suddenly been raised in an acute form the grave problem of the sudden appearance of hundreds of betting tracks in the midst of our great populations. All good citizens are agreed that it is a menace to the welfare of the nation.

A controversy having arisen as to the legal use of a Totalisator for ready-money betting on a greyhound track, interested parties brought a test case before the Courts and the Judges decided that the Totalisator could only be so used on a horse-racing course.

The Royal Commission which is now examining the whole question of gambling as a preliminary to new legislation was at once asked to issue an Interim Report on this part of its inquiry, and, being unanimous in its views, the Commission has presented a report of very great value.

An Evil To Be Smashed

The complete agreement of the members of the Betting Commission in their report on the Totalisator, and the strong terms in which they condemn its use and its influence on all classes of society, should convince all good citizens that here is an evil in our midst which must be ruthlessly smashed with all the power of the State.

There have been so many false and specious arguments in defence of the rapidly-growing evil known as greyhound racing that all who have been making a stand against it welcome the clear and forcible language used in the Interim Report of the Commission.

Scandalous State of Affairs

The apostles of clean sport for the masses are, nevertheless, not going to have an easy task in cleaning-up the scandalous state of affairs which a lax Home Office has allowed to come into existence. It is, indeed, astounding that it is only the quarrel between the two parties who are battenning on the vices of an illusioned public which has exposed so suddenly the hollow sham it all is.

As in the case of most evils, there is an appeal through man's nobler attributes. A small thing, but not unimportant, is undoubtedly the grace and attractiveness of the greyhound itself, which shares with the horse lines of beauty both in repose and in action, and has had a human appeal since the dawn of civilisation. The modern hatred of cruelty, too, was catered for by the use of an electrically-driven hare. But the human feeling for justice and equal opportunity between rich and poor has brought even more defenders of greyhound tracks and Totalisator clubs into the lists than the hosts who actually patronise them.

Gambling and Horse-Racing

It was an action by the State in a praiseworthy attempt to minimise an admitted evil which gave those who gain wealth by gambling an opening which, as we shall see, they made the most of. Horse-racing is an ancient sport about which admittedly there are two opinions. It is in itself exciting to horse and rider, and it is thrilling to the spectator. Cromwell is said to have delighted in this sport. But the English genius has ever tried to give proportion to all its interests and has restricted race-meetings to very limited occasions. It has regarded them as social holiday festivals, and not multiplied them as fast as the population has grown.

The gambling evil associated with these meetings has always been subject to control, and when further control was deemed necessary, and there was a public demand for the Totalisator (a fraud-proof mechanical form of betting), a Bill was passed permitting

the setting-up of Totalisators on race-courses, strictly regulated, with no profits to accrue to any individual or company. If the community agree to countenance betting—and human nature has not yet risen above this craving for backing its opinion in markets or in social intercourse—this form of Totalisator can be called permissible.

But the private use of a Totalisator by individuals or companies for profit-making from gambling is a very different thing. First there is every opportunity for fraud by its owner or manipulator; secondly, there is every inducement to multiply the number of the machines to make betting as attractive as possible, and to exploit human greed.

Going on Day and Night

These evils the Commissioners point out calmly and without a suspicion of partisan feeling. They show that the dog races have become a mere pretext for gambling on the part of the spectators, and on the part of the promoters a profit-making enterprise entailing serious social consequences.

Whereas there are only five race-courses for horses round London with only 63 days racing a year, there are now 23 greyhound tracks with over 4000 days racing in the same areas. At the end of last year there were 130 greyhound tracks with Totalisators.

But just as the betting on horse-races by those not present is the worst phase of this vice, and has compelled the State to forbid street bookmaking, so the establishment of clubs with Totalisators as an attraction is the most pernicious of all the evils associated with the so-called sport of the poorer classes.

More Demoralising Than Drink

In these clubs gambling has been going on day and night on horse-racing, greyhound-racing, and other contests. Twelve months ago there were but nine such clubs, whereas there are nearly 300 today, catering for every class of society with annual subscriptions as low as a penny and with forms of election which are a disgrace to the honoured name of Club. Cash betting as well as credit betting was carried on until the judges declared the Totalisator illegal for cash transactions.

The profits made in these ways have been colossal, many people have found employment at the clubs, and, of course, a great outcry will be raised when the State proposes to abolish these so-called clubs.

But the daily gambling habit is one of the most demoralising of all habits, sapping the sense of duty and love of honest work more rapidly perhaps than drink, and no self-respecting country can permit it to continue unchecked. This Report makes it quite clear that the Totalisator on greyhound tracks or in clubs cannot be converted into a non-profit-making machine under the control of the State, so evil are its possibilities in crowded towns.

THE BRITISH CAR ON THE BRITISH ROAD

A cheery feature of the British trade returns is the continued rise in the exportation of motor-cars.

Including motor-cars, commercial motor-vehicles and tractors, the monthly exportation is now worth about £800,000, whereas a year ago it was £500,000.

The imports of motor-cars, on the other hand, are worth only about £230,000 a month, so that the great majority of the mechanically-propelled vehicles on our roads are of British manufacture. This is a great contrast to the position a few years since, when an American car was met at every corner,

THE FUNNY HOUSE OF FOGGIA

BUILT IN A NIGHT

Amazing Story of an
Unneighbourly Feud

MORTAR MIXED WITH WINE

The Italian town of Foggia is improving itself with a new town-planning scheme, and one of the things it has decided must go is its best-known house.

It is by no means a beauty, this house; in fact, it is a ridiculous building, the outcome of a ridiculous spite. The Drunken House it is called, and this is the story of how it was built in a night.

In 1850 a wine merchant of Foggia, named Bucci, quarrelled with Don Saverio, an influential neighbour, and thought out a way of spiting him. He would put up a building to spoil his view.

Move and Countermove

The wine merchant hurriedly collected together the materials, but Don Saverio heard of his scheme and straightway announced that the permission of the authorities must be obtained before any building could be raised. As he represented those authorities himself he must have had a happy time chuckling over how he had outwitted his enemy.

But not for long. It appears that there was a law to the effect that if a man could build a house before he was seen doing it that building must be allowed to stand. The wine merchant went straight from consulting his lawyer to hire some bricklayers.

But again he found himself up against authority. Don Saverio forbade any labourer to work for him. At last Bucci won to his side a master builder who fortunately had a small trade union of workmen under him in the shape of eleven sons. When, however, they tried to get water to mix the mortar they found that Don Saverio had put all the wells under guard.

The Last Laugh

But nothing could stop Bucci now. "Let the mortar be mixed with my wine," he cried; and it was.

All through the dark night the men worked without a pause, and though the fumes of the wine made them so drowsy that they scarcely knew where to lay the next stone, by the time Don Saverio looked out of his villa to see what the morning was like there was an ugly wine-red building spoiling his view with its two storeys.

That is the history of the house that is now being pulled down.

BOURNEMOUTH SAVES A CENTENARIAN

We are glad that Bournemouth Borough Council has spared the town's centenarian tree, the glory of Stourwood Avenue, which runs under its branches.

Bournemouth itself is only about 100 years old, and few towns of its size have so many trees within their boundaries.

This is a case in which motor-lights must make clear the position of the tree by night, and no motorist ought to wish to drive rapidly through the beauties of Bournemouth's by-roads.

FALL IN IRON IMPORTS

The recent fall in imports of iron and steel has been remarkable.

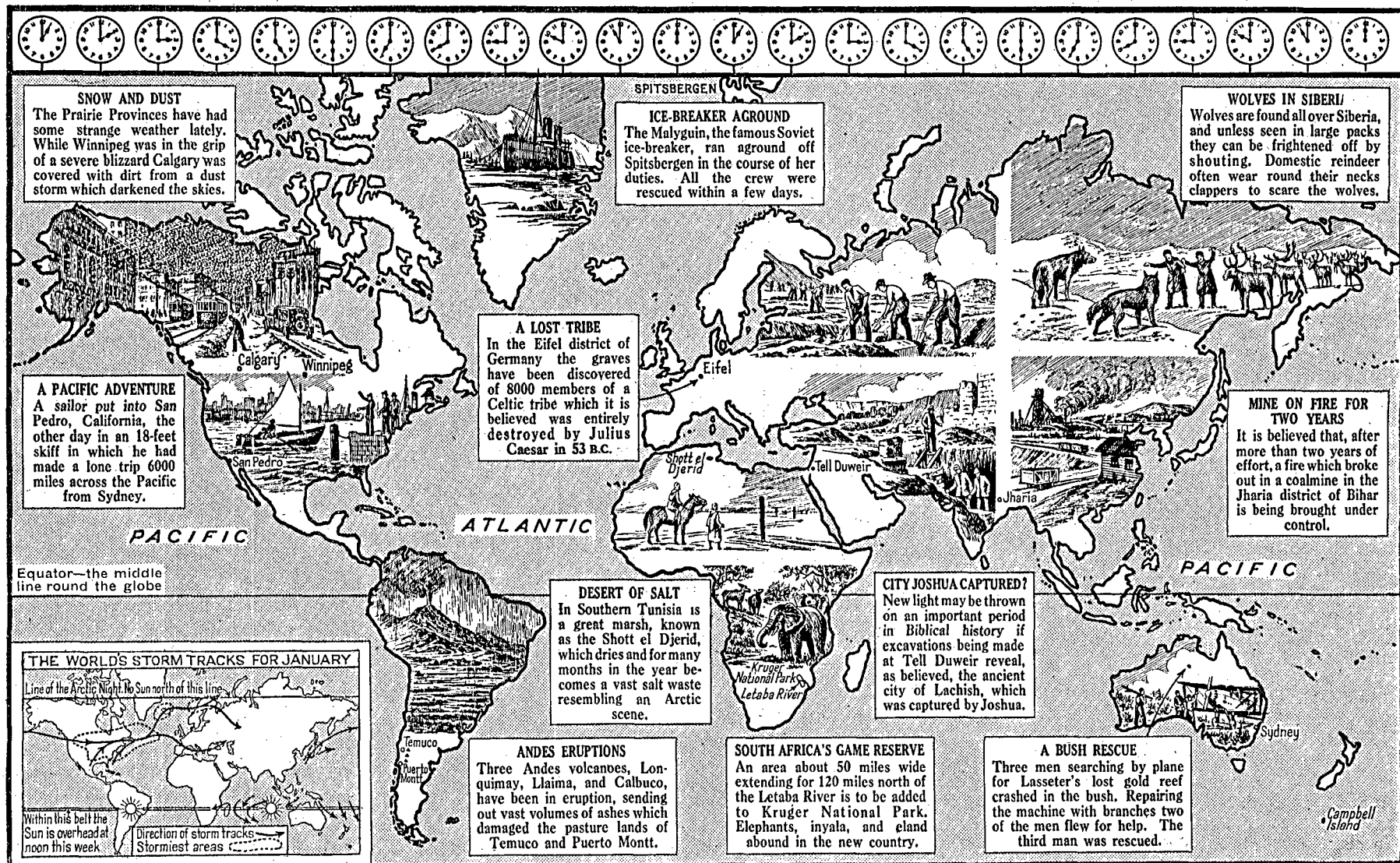
It is not very long since we recorded that we were importing more iron and steel than we were exporting. That is no longer true.

Whereas in November, 1931, we imported 379,000 tons of iron and steel, the imports of November, 1932, were only 57,892 tons.

We may also note against the November importation of 57,892 tons our exports were 170,261 tons.

The trade reports improving employment, but there is still a good deal of lost ground to be made good.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE FOOTBALL INTO BATTLE

Courage of a V.C.

Colonel Arthur D. Borton, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O., has died at 49.

His death recalls the famous charge when he and his men went into action with a football.

It was in Palestine, during the Gaza-Beersheba operations at Tel-el-Sheria in 1917. They were swept by machine-gun fire from both flanks, and the enemy artillery put down a barrage on top of them, but they kicked off, and rushed the guns, dribbling the ball with them.

For 3000 yards they carried all before them, finally capturing a field battery that fired its last round at 25 yards.

Arthur Borton had been invalided out of the Army in 1908 and was a fruit farmer in America when the war broke out. He hurried to join Kitchener's Army, and early in 1915 he was again invalided out, following an aeroplane crash. Borton, who was observer, had broken his neck in two places.

Later he returned to the struggle as second in command of a battalion of the London Regiment.

He wrote home once "The men are so wonderful that it is impossible even to feel frightened." Yet he had just led a charge with a flag tied to his walking-stick, and had captured trenches after cutting the wire.

Colonel Borton was a born leader, and the London Regiment was as proud of him as he was proud of his men.

3s A WEEK HOUSES

The Oswestry District Council claim that they have built the cheapest little houses in the country.

Twelve have been built for a total sum of £3500, and they are to be let to agricultural labourers at a rent of 3s a week plus rates.

This news may well be brought to the attention of other district councillors. Many rural localities are short of houses.

THE LONELY FLOCK OF SHEEP

A Year on an Island

For more than a year a flock of over 4000 sheep has been marooned on an uninhabited island.

It is Campbell Island, a lonely place of 48,000 acres south of New Zealand.

In August 1931 the men who were looking after the sheep were brought to New Zealand and decided not to return.

When the last mail left New Zealand the shearing season in the Southern Hemisphere was in full swing, but the sheep on Campbell Island had no shepherds to shear them. It seemed nobody's business to go back to the island and shear off their fleeces, because the price of wool is so low.

However, the weather is very cold on their island, so perhaps they will not mind having an extra woolly coat.

AN ERRAND-BOY'S FRIEND

Charlie Bower, a miner's son, must have been no ordinary errand-boy.

For many years he did odd jobs and ran errands for Mr Dennis Hague, an apparently poor man of Sheffield, who lived in a small house without a water supply, electric light, or gas, and seemingly had very small means.

When Mr Hague died not long ago it was found that he had left Charlie a legacy of £50, with directions that he should be chief mourner at his funeral and that he should be provided with new clothes for the occasion.

Almost from the time Charlie was a baby Mr Hague, who lived alone, had made a friend of him. He could not read, and the boy must have cheered up his loneliness when he was growing old, for he spent many hours reading the newspaper and stories to his old friend.

It was a surprise to everybody to find that the old man had left a small fortune. Charlie is 22 now, and his well-deserved legacy will come in useful to start him in life.

THE FLYING MEN

Not So Many Accidents

In regard to loss of life in flying accidents, last year was one of the best on record for the R.A.F. at home and abroad and for civil aviation in Great Britain. There were 32 fatal accidents, in which 48 lives were lost.

Figures for the two preceding years are: 1931, fatal accidents 45, deaths 75; 1930, fatal accidents 45, deaths 65.

The decrease in the number of casualties for 1932 is all the more striking, as during the last three years the speed of many types of Service aircraft has been increased by 40 miles an hour.

In civil flying there were 13 fatal accidents, resulting in 17 deaths. This is almost the same figure as last year's. The accidents occurred in private flying and air-taxi flights.

There were no accidents in British regular air transport.

THE ROBOT LIFTS

The robot lifts at Earl's Court Station continue to function well.

One of them was first operated automatically several weeks ago, ascending and descending at fixed intervals and sounding a klaxon horn to warn passengers that it was about to move.

When a second lift was brought into automatic working the two lifts went up and down alternately.

At present an attendant is kept on duty in each lift to help the passengers, but when the approval of the Minister of Transport is obtained the lifts will function independently of human aid.

AMERICA'S IDLE MILLIONS

The American Federation of Labour estimates that the United States has now 11,600,000 unemployed.

As the British unemployed number roundly 2,700,000, America would have only about 8,000,000 of unemployed if her idle workers were in proportion to population the same as ours.

HAMMER AND ANVIL

New Treasure For Lewes Castle

WHEN SUSSEX WAS THE BLACK COUNTRY

A notable gift has just been made to Sussex. It takes us back to the days when this green country was England's Black Country.

Ironworks were founded there in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and others soon followed, till a great part of Sussex was given over to the clang and smoke of this industry.

At Etchingam was a famous forge, which closed down in 1653. Its hammer and anvil have been presented to the Sussex Archaeological Society by Sir Geoffrey Fison, and are now in the grounds of Lewes Castle.

It is thought that there is no other hammer like this left.

The huge hammer, weighing several hundredweights, was raised and lowered by a waterwheel worked from a pond, just as a mill is worked. The anvil is quite small, because the hammer always fell in the same spot.

It is good to think that this bit of Sussex history is safe for Sussex, and strange to think that where there were noise and toil and grime in Elizabeth's day there are in our day bluebells and nut trees and the songs of birds.

THE OLDEST CEDAR

A generous person has just given to Liverpool Cathedral an old house in Childrey, near Wantage.

It is called Cantorist House, and it stands at the end of the parish church, near what is held to be the oldest cedar tree in England.

About 300 years ago Edward Pococke brought seed from Aleppo, and had the joy of beholding his seedling grow to a sapling, on its way to being a stately tree. It is pleasant to think of the rector, who was also Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, watching his cedar grow to sturdiness in God's Acre.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 28 1933

America Has An Old Idea

ONE of the strange things about America is the way in which old ideas from Europe appear across the Atlantic as new. The latest example is given the name of Technocracy, and the talk about it is filling the newspapers. It is, of course, excellent that it should do so.

These are days in which the mind must be very alert to keep pace with new developments. With all mankind in trouble, the thinkers of the world are endeavouring to find better ways of doing things.

The fact is, however, that this good doctrine is a restatement of what we have stated again and again in our own pages for thirty years.

Machinery has, in effect, put countless slaves at the service of man, thus magically multiplying his powers. One of our own economists in 1920 said:

In 1750 the population of the United Kingdom was about 10,500,000, and perhaps included about 4,500,000 breadwinners. In 1920 our population is about 47,000,000, and includes about 20,000,000 workers.

If we take it that the 20,000,000 workers have had their potential powers of production multiplied by science in the last 150 years, not 1000 times, but only 100 times, their working power is that of 2,000,000,000 persons of the conditions of 1750.

To put it another way, the 10,500,000 people of 1750 had 4,500,000 workers, whereas the 47,000,000 of 1920 have, in potential effect, 2,000,000,000 workers.

Now a group of American economists are merely saying the same thing and calling it Technocracy. They claim that with the organised aid of science all our material wants could be produced by the adult population working four hours a day, four days a week.

We ourselves believe this to be true, but it is a commonplace to the British economic student.

What, then, stands in the way of mankind using his machines properly? The answer is again an old one. It is that society is not organised to do its work properly. *Purchasing power is not liberated for the multitude to enable them to buy the products of the machines.*

The American economists think there must be a fresh method of distributing wealth, based on a new standard of values, taking the form of certificates of energy. They suggest a new unit of production called the *erg*. This would really be a unit of energy, and they claim that by energy alone commodities could be properly measured, valued, and distributed. This would sweep away money and prices as we know them.

Let us welcome all this new-old thinking, and think about these things for ourselves.

One never knows when a child will be born destined to grow up an adult capable of thinking out a new way for the world.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Waitress and Her Tips

SOMEONE we know who has lately become a great deal poorer than she was took a post as waitress in a teashop to earn a little money to help her two children, and this is what she did. *She kept any odd tips in pence for herself, but each tip of sixpence she put in a box for the Great Ormond Street Hospital for children.* Her pay was ten shillings a week!

The Dear Old Lady and the Telescope Man

THIS story comes to us from a C.N. friend in the Seamen's Institute at Port Elizabeth in Natal:

An ex-Service man still suffering from the horrors of war earns his living by the aid of a telescope on the sands at Humewood, Port Elizabeth's seaside resort.

A few days ago I was sitting on a bench near his stand, idly watching, but scarcely conscious of his patrons, when I saw a dear old lady approach him and hand him a ten-shilling note, saying: "Will you take this from me, please? It is for the splendid patience you exercise with the little children."

It is still a kind old world; if this should reach the dear old lady we wish her many years of the joy she is passing on to others.

Reading and Writing

IT is a hundred years since the birth of Sir Leslie Stephen, editor of the Dictionary of National Biography, philosopher, and delightful writer.

One of his daughters, Virginia Woolf, recalls his counsel, and we pass it on because it may prove priceless to many other young people who are beginning to write.

To read what one liked because one liked it, never to pretend to admire what one did not: that was his only lesson in the art of reading. To write in the fewest possible words, as clearly as possible, exactly what one meant: that was his only lesson in the art of writing.

Here is the teaching of a famous man of letters, given by a distinguished daughter to a world where every other person wants to write.

Well Put

THERE is something we have all felt, and sometimes we have tried to put it into words.

Only a few have succeeded, and one of them was Shakespeare.

Another was John Digby, first Earl of Digby. In a letter of his written 300 years ago he refers to England, "Which little region, to us that are born there and have our acquaintance, friends, and estates there, is of larger extent and of more weight than all the world beside."

This sets us thinking that there is very little difference in the Englishman who owns many acres and the Englishman who digs an allotment; nor has the race altered greatly since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required. Jesus

Joy To Go Round

THE Philosopher and a friend were having a talk.

Do you think there is enough joy to go round? the friend asked.

Joy is sunshine spreading over all, but some of us stand in the shadows.

How can we help it if the shadows come?

We can only try to remember that the sunshine is always waiting for us outside them.

Tip-Cat

A LADY artist has gone to South Africa to paint the flowers. Rather unnecessary.

MUSIC never pays. Although it has plenty of notes.

HOUSE rents will not be allowed to go up till houses do.

A DOCTOR says the number of hairs on a rabbit range from 24,800 to 46,400. He had better count again to make sure.

GLOOMY windows can be made gay, says a lady. A matter of taking panes.

A SAILOR who fell overboard floated for fifty minutes before being picked up. The sort of man who is sure to get to the top.

NOWADAYS festivity means just eating, someone complains. No wonder we get fed up with amusement.

EMPLOYEES of a provincial gas company are to give a musical show. The town's main attraction.

LIGHTER cars are advocated. The heavy ones will be more easily picked up.

BEE-FARMING is said to be a peaceful occupation. You let things be.

MANY motorists have taken out licences to carry revolvers. But even without them they shoot past pedestrians.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SAFETY FIRST rules have cut in two the cost of accidents at Stanton Ironworks.

FORTY THOUSAND pit ponies have gone from British coalmines in 20 years.

£1000 has been received from an unknown friend for the church of Whaplode in Lincolnshire.

JUST AN IDEA

We do not need more opportunities, but more mental alertness to seize the opportunities we have.

Beyond the Sunset Glow

AND when on holy ground
The nations, homeward bound;
Shall close the gates on all that
lies behind,
The summit they have won
Shall be a day begun:
There shall be fairer cities still to
find.

THERE are more things to learn
Than human eyes discern;
I have seen constellations in my
dreams
Whose sweeping arches spanned
Vistas of sea and land
To which our world a drifting
bubble seems.

AND though toward the West,
And eventide and rest,
I turn, forgetting battlefields and
wars,
In gallant faith I go;
Beyond the sunset glow
Are unimagined suns and moons
and stars.

Joseph Whittaker in a book of Poems published by the Kentish Independent, Woolwich

Mistakes in Brass

ON the inscription at Westminster Abbey recording the fact that Warren Hastings stood there for his trial it is proposed to add that he was acquitted.

Whatever may be the view of Warren Hastings, the addition of this vital fact to the inscription is right and honourable. Inscriptions should be faithful and correct, yet they are frequently drawn up with unpardonable carelessness.

There was a mistake in the brass inscription recording Queen Victoria's coronation outside St Paul's. We understand that there was a mistake on the stone of Mr Asquith's grave.

There are two mistakes on one tablet in the church at Wadhurst in Sussex, as there were two mistakes on two tablets at Withyham, both of which, we believe, have been corrected since the C.N. pointed them out.

There is, of course, the famous and ridiculous mistake on the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson which is a disgrace to all concerned, and another mistake has just been recorded on a grave at Llangollen which attributes the famous verses about Mary's Little Lamb to a woman who was born after they were written.

It is a thousand pities that these things should be done, and it is good at least that the Warren Hastings error is being put right.

The Heart For Ever Young

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem
to grow old,
Is the heart for ever young.

For ever young, though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung;
The heart, the heart, is a heritage
That keeps the old man young.

Vain are our Christian creeds
Unbacked by Christian deeds.
Thomas Tiplady

TAILOR HUMMEL OF OFFENBURG HOW ALL GERMANY WAS HOAXED

Extraordinary Story of What
Can Happen in These Days

BOGUS HERO'S EXPLOIT

It is astonishing that in these days, when a signal can be flashed round the world eight times in a second, a man can hoax a whole country and not be found out for five months.

Yet that is what has happened, and Germany is still laughing at what seems an almost incredible joke, for she has been feasting as her last returned prisoner of war a tailor who knows a great deal more about German prisons than enemy ones.

Missing After Verdun

It all began, says this tailor called Hummel, by his crossing the Italian border without a passport and finding himself unable to return without one. That is the reason he gives for writing to the parents of an old school friend called Oskar Daubmann, who was missing after the Battle of Verdun in 1916.

He wrote from Naples that he was their missing son, just escaped after 16 years as a prisoner in Algiers, and he begged them to send his birth certificate so that he could get a passport.

The parents, who lived at Endingen, asked the Mayor for a copy of the certificate, and he, to allay any doubts of the applicant's identity, asked the German Consul at Naples to put a few questions to the returned man: for instance, where in Endingen was the Town Hall, and where the local inn? These questions were correctly answered, and so the birth certificate was sent and Hummel got his passport.

The Last Prisoner

Endingen was thrilled with the news of its returning soldier, and Germany decided to honour worthily this last returned prisoner.

A first-class carriage was put at his disposal by the State Railway Company, and a former sergeant in Daubmann's regiment was at the frontier to meet him, and incidentally to supply the tailor unconsciously with much useful information about his supposed regiment. Many were the receptions on the way and the bouquets of flowers.

At last they arrived at Endingen, 15,000 people cheering as the last German prisoner of war was driven in a flower-decked car to the war memorial, where the name of Oskar Daubmann was ceremoniously erased. That night he was kissed by Daubmann's parents and sent to bed in their cottage, while the rest of the townspeople marched about singing and waving torches.

Awkward Questions

Many imposing ceremonies followed, and many awkward questions for the tailor; but he managed them all. What information about Algiers he was not able to extract from an atlas he was able to slur over by explaining that he had escaped from his dungeon at night, and ridden wildly to the coast (very wildly it must have been, for this tailor is no horseman), so that he saw very little of the country. It was a little more difficult to explain how he, who could not swim, managed to plunge into the sea and reach an outgoing ship, but his audiences were sympathetic. The captain's and the ship's name, he added, he had sworn not to divulge.

He explained his inability to speak a word of French after 16 years in a French prison by the fact that silence was the rule, and he was kept busy all day sewing trousers.

When a doubting Thomas put a needle in his hand this tailor was able

PADEREWSKI AT THE ALBERT HALL

AN enormous building, thousands of people, tiers upon tiers of them massed together: a dimly-lighted platform and one small man bowing, Paderewski. Just one little human being looking pathetically frail in that vastness. A dim figure, too, with his face half-hidden, for he will not have a light upon him while he plays.

Again and again the crowds acclaimed him. They would not let him go. They could not let him go; and generously he came back—how many times was it that he sat down to play after the concert was really over?

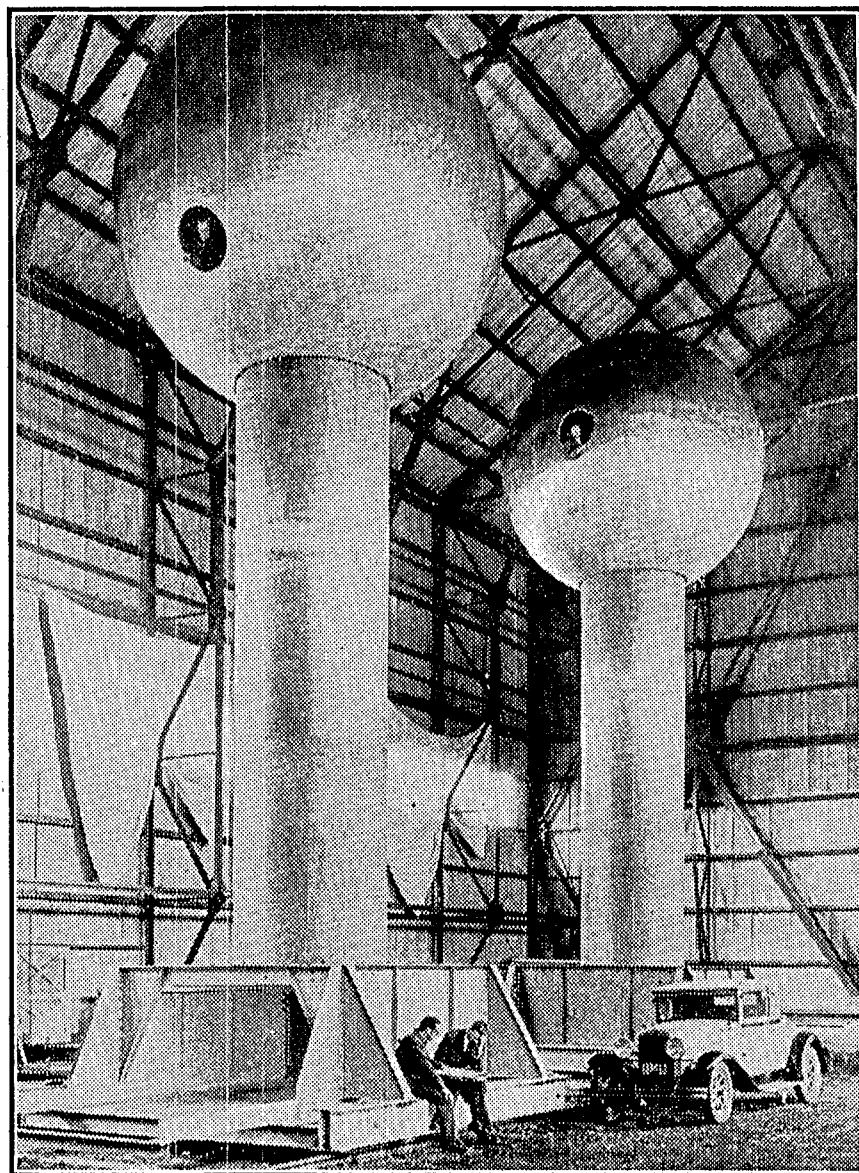
Who will forget the sight of that small figure with such glory coming from his soul and pouring through those marvellous hands? He sat there, with comparatively little movement of his body,

with no mannerisms, touching the dead piano into living waterfalls of beauty.

At last the listeners went home, but with what beauty haunting their minds! One of them could not help remembering not long ago an evening near sunset time. There was not a dim platform, but a tree. (Strange that platforms once were trees.) In that tree a nightingale was hid; he, too, liked dimness about him, for he was nowhere to be seen. Only his song throbbed and rose through the quiet garden.

Has Paderewski, the great master something of the mind of that bird, that his listeners were in such brightness and he away from it? And yet in what a darkness were the audience compared to the invisible radiance that flooded round the great master!

A FLASH OF TEN MILLION VOLTS?



These strange-looking objects are parts of a giant generator erected at the research station at Round Hill of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It is hoped that a discharge of ten million volts will flash between the aluminium spheres, which are 15 feet in diameter.

Continued from the previous column

to prove his story, for no one had ever seen Daubmann sew before.

Even Daubmann's former regimental commander seems to have been taken in, for he arranged a series of lectures, and actually wrote down in book form the story of the prisoner's experiences.

Luckily, Hummel the tailor was found out before this book was published, for there was enough in it to start all over again a little war of hate.

But he made a little fortune, and his case was taken up by the Nationalist Press. He described his sufferings for a weekly news film. He received several decorations, then he received the news that his finger-prints had proved him to be a tailor of Offenburg, a frequenter of prisons in Germany and not in Algeria.

Now he is in prison again, and we are afraid life will seem dull to him after his vivid exploits in the realms of fantasy.

INDIA

Trouble in a Native State

A rebellion in the little Native State of Alwar, to the south of Delhi, spread dismay for a while among all well-wishers for the peace of India.

The Moslem subjects of the Hindu Maharaja had been protesting against increased taxation, which was made more oppressive by the economic depression. The peasantry began to practise civil disobedience and were angered because the Maharaja refused to see their leaders and left negotiations to ministers who ignored British advice.

Fortunately the British were appealed to at once, and their tactful handling of an excited and aggrieved peasantry allayed the excitement and prevented a local disturbance developing into widespread racial strife.

FORTIFIED CITY OF THE BIBLE

A GREAT DISCOVERY

Pictured on Great Stones
at Bloomsbury

BRITISH EXPEDITION'S SUCCESS

At Tell Duweir in South Palestine a thrilling discovery has been made which may lead to a wealth of new knowledge to illuminate Old Testament history.

The site of what is believed to be Lachish, the most strongly-fortified city of the Bible, has been located by Mr J. L. Starkey and Mr H. D. Colt, members of a British expedition, and they have already begun to dig for historical treasure uncovered.

Five large tombs have been uncovered, and a great bastion which once held the west gate of the city. Boys and girls may find its position if they go to the British Museum and see the great pictures on stone which were once in the palace of Sennacherib.

How Lachish Was Fortified

These show the fortifications of Lachish crowning a low hilltop. The main ramparts, strengthened by several towers with small barred windows, run halfway round the city and descend at the western end, disclosing a second and lower wall. Each tower has an overhanging parapet with a wooden balustrade hung with round shields to protect the defenders, who are seen slinging stones and shooting arrows at soldiers who are attacking the city.

It is said that Jerusalem is the only other ancient city in Palestine of which such a magnificent record has been preserved. On the Taylor Prism, also in the British Museum, is a vividly-written account of Lachish, which is part of the chronicle of the campaigns of Sennacherib. This war-lord of Assyria attacked the city 700 years before the birth of Jesus.

Fall of the Great City

In the Bible we find a hint of the strength of Lachish, which afterwards became a byword. Although Joshua captured most of the cities of Canaan after the first day's siege, Lachish did not fall until the second day of attack. Later Japhia, King of Lachish, was one of the five kings of the Amorites who revolted and were captured and hanged by Joshua. The city was also fortified by Rehoboam 350 years later Lachish was one of the only three cities in Palestine strong enough to hold out against Nebuchadnezzar. See World Map

WILD DEEDS IN SPAIN

The task of the Republican Government in Spain is proving difficult.

From the right and from the left the new régime has been assailed, and every outbreak weakens the progress toward prosperity so essential for a nation which has thrown off the fetters of an autocratic monarchy.

The latest trouble has its origin in the condition of Spain before the Revolution. The Syndicalists, the Anarchists, and the Communists are the products of the repression of liberty and opportunity in Spain's bad old days. All through history the wilder, unbalanced, thwarted members of a community have caused trouble to the first government of an ordered constitution. Two elements tend to combine—the enthusiast who does not think the revolutionary broom has swept with all the power it might have and the warped individual who is always against authority by whatever party it is wielded. They have combined in Spain with unhappy results.

The Government acted boldly, and Don Manuel Azana used all the powers of the State in suppressing the rebels. The Monarchist and Roman Catholic newspapers supported the Government, which is a hopeful sign, for no Government can rule by mere repression.

MORE SCHOOLS IN SPAIN

The Good Work of the Young Republic

Education is Spain last year made great strides, and in his report to the Cortes Don Fernando de los Rios, the Minister for Education, stressed the point that, while England, America, and France are cutting down the salaries and numbers of their teachers, Spain is increasing both their numbers and the scale of payment.

Last year over 2500 new schools had been established, making over 9000 during the past two years. Every municipality is now bound by law to supply a site for and one quarter of the cost of any new school.

Village libraries have been organised, and there are now over 1000, with 146,000 volumes. Many gramophone records and educational films have been distributed, together with 400 wireless sets. The travelling theatre, whose actors and actresses are volunteers from the students of the universities, has been so successful that Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, and Bordeaux have invited the actors to visit them.

An International University is being established at Santander to which 200 students are going from North America and to which an Ambassador has promised 40 scholarships.

THE BEETLE IN THE TOWER

The Vicar of Banstead in Surrey has made an unpleasant discovery.

Looking up at the 13th-century tower of the church one day he noticed on the ancient timbers the dust made by the dreaded death-watch beetle.

Long ago the clicking noise made by these wood-boring beetles was thought to be an omen of death. Today scientists have discovered that death-watch beetles live on fungi caused by damp.

When their presence is suspected in timber pieces of paper are sometimes pasted over their holes. If the beetles are there they will betray themselves by boring new holes in the paper.

If the timbers are not in immediate danger of collapse another method is used. The existing holes on a given area are marked and for a year or two they are kept under observation to see if fresh holes appear.

A lasting cure for the scourge of the death-watch beetle has yet to be found, but scientists reveal two ways of checking it. They say great care should be taken to protect timber from fungi caused by damp, which is vital to the life of the beetle. Another weapon science has given us is an insecticide to be used when the beetle, still in the grub stage, crawls over the timbers.

MORE COWS THAN PEOPLE

New Zealand has taken a census of the livestock of the Dominion.

It was found that on January 31, 1932, there were 1,702,000 dairy cows, an increase of no fewer than 100,000 since January 1931.

There are only a million and a half people in New Zealand, which is as big as England, Wales, and Scotland all together, so there are more cows there than people.

There are so many cows that the New Zealanders cannot use up all the milk and butter and cheese made in the Dominion. Out of every five pounds of butter made only one pound is eaten in the country and four pounds are shipped to England.

A NATIONAL INN

The famous Sun Inn at Saffron Walden in Essex has been bought by the National Trust for £2000. In 1647 it was the headquarters of Cromwell and Fairfax.

NEWS FROM NASIK

A True School Story

The headmistress of a school for girls at Nasik in India has sent us a little tale of friendliness which we gladly print.

One morning a few weeks ago a venerable stranger called at the Government school. With him were two girls, his granddaughters, and it seemed that he wanted to find work for them. He asked if they might be allowed to teach embroidery to the children. To show their skill they displayed a beautiful counterpane they had made.

When the headmistress explained that there was no vacancy she was surprised to find that they were offering to teach freely, at any time convenient to the pupils. They had come on pilgrimage from the Punjab and were making a long stay in the town. Instead of idling away the time they wanted to spend it in a useful way. The end of the matter was that the pupils benefited from their new classes and learned to make exquisite embroidery.

BIG BEN STRIKES IN NEW ZEALAND

It was wonderful to hear Big Ben in London chime out 11 a.m. simultaneously with the Wellington Town Hall clock striking 11 p.m.

This is what a New Zealander wrote after listening to the re-broadcast by New Zealand wireless stations of a service in London.

If you have studied the C.N. time map you will understand how it happens that Big Ben is striking the hours in London just 12 hours behind the clocks in New Zealand.

Actually the standard time in New Zealand is 11½ hours ahead of Greenwich time, but the New Zealand clocks are advanced half an hour in October so that the people can save daylight. That makes New Zealand 12 hours ahead of London from October to April.

Fiji is another part of the Empire which is 12 hours ahead of London.

TIME AND THE SPIDER

There is a big black spider at Barbers-town in Ohio which has been trying to go one better than Robert Bruce's spider.

Mr C. C. Thompson has a big clock on the front of his premises, and the spider is doing its best to spin a web between the big hand and the small one.

It went on for seventeen days, spinning new thread to replace the fine gossamer threads that were continually broken by the movement of the hands. Quite a lot of broken silky threads were streaming in the air. It was a race against time, but in the end Time was even more persevering than the spider, and when we heard last the spider was losing the race.

WEARING THE LEGS OF A FOX

The woman teacher who goes to school with the legs of a fox or sable dangling about her will have great difficulty in persuading her charges that she really has much affection for the creatures of the wild.

Whenever I see the whole skin of an animal hung round a woman's shoulders I invariably feel a great sympathy with the poor beast. Sidney T. E. Dark, Science Master at Strand School.

TROUBLE IN THE EAST

Our doctors are wonderful people. They can even deal with a case like this.

*Oh, Doctor, come to my husband.
He's broken his pledge.
He's broken my heart.
He's broken the fanlight over the door.
And now he's broken out in spots.*

A GREAT BOY JUBILEE

50 Years of Pioneering

The Jubilee of the Boys Brigade will be celebrated this year.

A million men now scattered all over the world will on Midsummer Day spring to attention for a moment in honour of their association with this great movement, the pioneer organisation for boys, forerunner of the Scouts, and founder of the camping movement.

The Brigade was founded by Sir William Smith at Glasgow in 1883. He began with 30 boys, and today there is a membership of about 120,000 senior boys and 50,000 juniors. A notable feature of the movement is that recruits are pouring in from all over the kingdom as never before in all the fifty years of its history; and during the last month of the old year 40 new companies were formed. Sir William Smith's son, Mr G. Stanley Smith, is now secretary to the Brigade.

The secret of the fascination of the Boys Brigade is simply that it understands the importance of being a boy. "What is a boy?" it was once asked, and a Boys Brigade official answered in these splendid words:

He is one who will pick up the world when we have done with it. He will discover our mistakes. He will make mistakes of his own, but he will be wiser than we are—he will make some of our dreams come true.

COOKING AN EGG BY SUNSHINE

Experts who have been conducting researches into the way temperature variations affect buildings have discovered some surprising things about the heat of the Sun.

They have constructed a little box which is a veritable suntrap, and inside it a temperature of 250 degrees Fahrenheit has been registered on a warm day. The box was insulated so that it retained the heat it collected, and it was blackened outside. It also had a cover of ordinary glass. In this box was roasted an egg, which was also blackened so as to absorb the heat more readily.

It was found that temperatures were registered inside the box more than a hundred degrees in excess of what was considered possible.

Another test consisted of exposing a layer of bituminous roofing felt to the heat of the Sun. The felt was laid on inch boards with slag-wool to provide insulation beneath.

On a day when the air temperature was only 69 degrees the temperature of the felt rose to 150 degrees.

A NEW KIND OF SLIDE RULE

The slide rule is used by engineers to make easy and quick calculations. Now a new form of slide rule has been invented which makes it possible for a motor engineer to match a colour in a few seconds. This has become necessary on account of the accuracy with which people like repairs to the coach-work of their cars carried out.

The slide rule has 300 coloured tints, of different colours, and by sliding these along with the instrument held against the car until an exact match is seen, a formula can be obtained for making the paint or varnish for the job.

THE CUSTODIANS OF WESTMINSTER

Other men in blue have relieved the police of many of their duties in the Houses of Parliament.

They are members of the new Corps of Custodians, and wear a cap with their blue uniforms.

Though many policemen will still do duty at Westminster the nation will save £13,000 a year under this scheme, and Parliament will be quite as safe.

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER

A Little Tale of Canada's Natural Wealth

Canada seems to be singularly blessed with natural resources. It has been no uncommon thing when working certain mineral deposits to strike others of equal or greater value.

Some months ago it was reported in the C.N. that while oil-drilling operations were in progress vast salt deposits were discovered at great depth. This happened in Saskatchewan, and the oil company concerned has succeeded in producing about 30 tons of salt by using a small demonstration plant. Meanwhile the salt well is being developed, and the local natural resources are being still further tapped to deal with the salt won from the earth.

East of the town of Simpson, where the discovery was made, the oil company is drilling for natural gas, and if the operations are successful the gas will be conveyed through a pipe-line to the salt-refining plant to be used as fuel.

THE GREAT FLIGHT OF THE GODWITS

We should always be kind to our visitors, especially our bird visitors.

Unfortunately there are still some thoughtless men with guns who behave most inhospitably to migrating birds. That is why the New Zealand Birds Protection Society has taken steps to protect the godwits.

No one should need to be asked to leave the godwits alone. They are inoffensive little birds which feed on shellfish round the coasts of New Zealand during the summer months; and when the days begin to shorten they fly away North for thousands of miles to spend the northern summer in Siberia, where they build their nests.

What wonderful instinct is it that leads them to fly backward and forward every year? The godwits must have been migrating in this way for tens of thousands of years, long before guns were invented for the purpose of amusing our gallant sportsmen.

JOHN WESLEY'S PEOPLE AND RAFFLES

A Mill Hill reader has drawn our attention to a broadcaster published lately in the C.N. saying that Mansfield Methodists have banned raffles from their bazaars.

He tells us that as long ago as 1920 the Wesleyan Methodist Conference passed a resolution that raffles of any description were not to be permitted in halls, schools, institutes, or in any church buildings.

People were urged to refrain from holding any competitions in which the principle of the raffle is involved. Thus for more than 12 years raffles have been banned from the bazaars.

A NEW PROFESSION

A novel profession for girls under 25 has arisen from the appointment by one of the big American air services of lady hostesses to the passenger-carrying ships and planes. The ladies must be college graduates, and must not weigh more than 125 pounds.

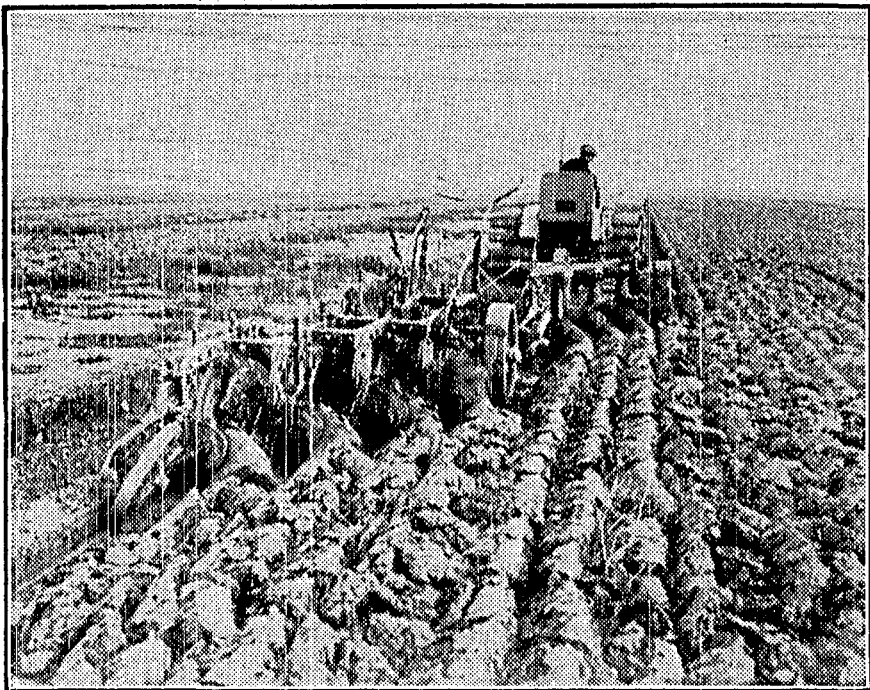
Their duties are to move among the passengers and chat to them, allaying any fears they may have about the dangers of aerial travel.

STUPID WAR

I have spent nearly half a century on matters connected with war, and I have come to the conclusion that it is a futile thing, for it neither ensures peace nor composes differences.

Field-Marshal Robertson

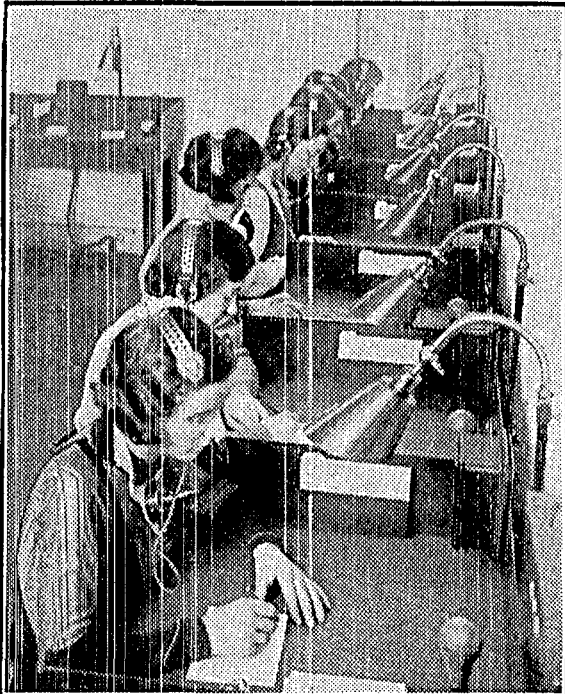
PLOUGHING THE SEA BED · ICE HOCKEY · FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS



Ploughing the Sea Bed—This big plough is preparing for cultivation land which was once the bed of the Zuyder Zee. The plough is drawn by a 20 horse-power caterpillar tractor.



Hockey On the Ice—There is a splendid suggestion of speed in this picture of an ice hockey match between English and Austrian teams at St. Moritz. The Englishmen won.



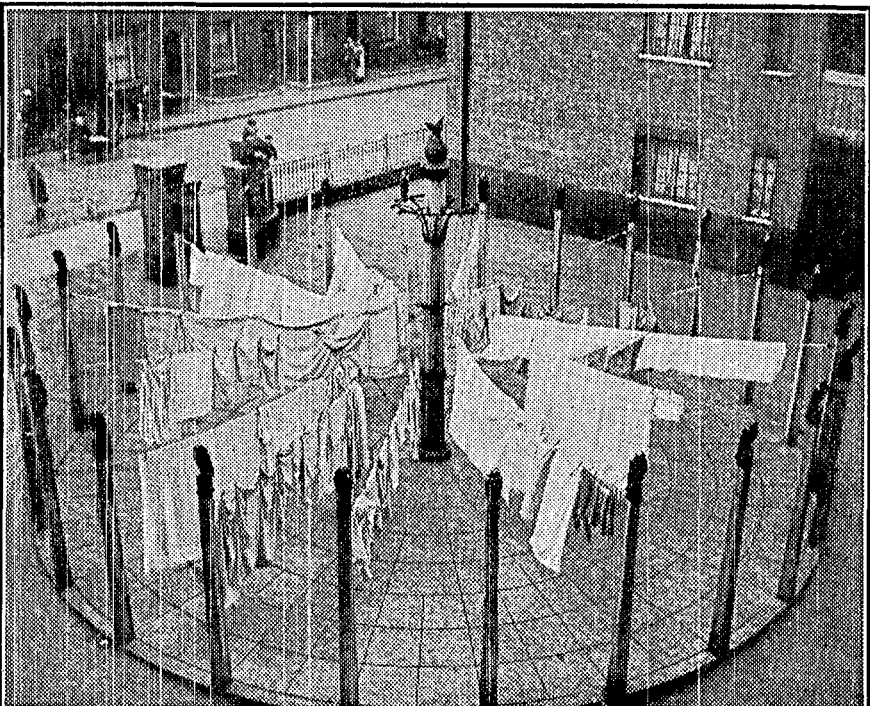
The Cetex—On page 12 is described the Cetex, a new telephone exchange for the help of business men. Some of the girls in the exchange are seen receiving and despatching messages.



Adorning a Great Building—Workmen erecting one of Mr O. S. Jagger's four statues on the Imperial Chemical Industries Building at Millbank. This figure represents Agriculture.



C.N. Gifts—These happy children have been privileged to see some early specimens of the wonderful free gifts that are to appear with next week's C.N., as told on page 2.



Four and Twenty Blackbirds—The Sing a Song of Sixpence washing centre at Father Jellicoe's housing estate in Somers Town gives a happy little touch to washing day. Mr Gilbert Bayes has designed blackbirds for the 24 line-posts with a maypole in the centre.



Women as Stevedores—In Finland, owing to the shortage of workmen, it is not unusual to see women undertaking such hard manual labour as loading up ships with timber, as our picture shows. Timber is the chief export of this Baltic State.

PULLING TOGETHER

WORK FOR IDLE HANDS

More and More Schemes Being Tried in Kent

SOMETHING ALL CAN DO

There is one New Year resolution for 1933 which most people have in common, and that is to fight by every means in their power the dragon of unemployment.

In this determination to help the down-and-out and to lessen his misery the people of Kent are taking a foremost lead. A report from the Community Council, which has joined up with the National Council of Social Service, shows that there are schemes in every part of the county to give employment, or at least useful occupation, to those standing idle. It is cheering to know that all these are voluntary efforts, apart from the public schemes of employment, so that the down-and-out of Kent need not feel that he is forgotten or that nobody cares.

Changes For the Better

Not long ago large numbers of unemployed sometimes stood about at street corners all day for months and years. It was a dispiriting and tiring business for half-starved men, but where else could they go during the day when they were homeless, and had to spend the night in the streets or in shelters?

Things are now changing for the better, and in many places in Kent there are rest and recreation rooms, canteens, and workshops, where the workless may find rest, refreshment, and interesting occupation. Many have an opportunity of learning a trade. There are study circles, and in several places weekly lectures are given which have very large attendances.

Derelict Stable Transformed

All kinds of buildings are being used for these centres. At Westerham a disused stable has been hired at 2s 6d a week, while at Ramsgate the Assembly Rooms are now an occupation centre. A derelict stable at Bromley has been repaired by unemployed men and made into a boot-repairing shop. Here a carpenter's shop, fully equipped, has been lent rent free, and it is hoped that goods made here by unemployed men will be shown in Bromley shops.

Community spending campaigns have been launched in several towns to stimulate trade and to put an end to the harmful effects of panic economy. By spending money wisely a person is helping to provide work for the unemployed. Therefore every citizen is asked to have any work such as repairs and painting done at once in his home, office, or garden, giving his order to the painter, carpenter, and so on, thus creating a bigger demand for labour. If he cannot do this, he is asked to employ a man, even for a few hours, to tar a fence, dig his garden, or to do other relatively unskilled work.

Some Excellent Proposals

Some of the proposals for giving work to the men of Kent are so excellent that we commend them to other counties. They include collecting unburnable rubbish, clearing away unsightly heaps of tins and cans, repairing footpaths and stiles, cleaning wells, and other work to make our villages more worthy of our country. In one large village it is proposed to build an open-air swimming bath, while another village may have a Roman road uncovered.

Baling wastepaper is an experiment being tried at Beckenham. A firm has lent a baler to the Occupation Centre there, and is willing to buy all the paper. As there is usually an eager demand for it, and a good price is given, this is an idea which might well be copied in other counties. Part of the work con-

THE SPEED OF FIRE

Over a Mile in Five Minutes

Many are the friendly letters linking up the Editor's desk with farms in the wilds of Australia.

They tell of incessant work and often of loneliness, but through most of them runs a note of pride in the work and something found in the loneliness which town-dwellers miss.

One letter, just arrived from Western Australia, tells of the early morning drives to market, with housework and milking, breakfast for animals and men, all done by 5.30; and then an eight-mile trek with a flock of sheep and a race with the rising Sun, for by eight in the morning its heat would bring the flock to a standstill.

But the writer is lyrical over the beauty of those journeys through the morning mist and rainbow dawning, with the magpies shouting their morning hymn and the kookaburras waking a thousand echoes in the empty world.

And then this farmer's wife goes on to talk of the bush fires that threaten their all from time to time. One started seven miles away (she says), and within half an hour it was at our farm.

A Wonderful Sight

Never before have we quite realised the relentless speed with which these fires travel over the dry scrub. Over a mile in five minutes! It seems appalling to us here, but it is accepted as commonplace there. Only a fire-break will stop it sweeping over the whole farm, just a strip of earth, dug and rid of everything that burns, between the advancing flames and one's all.

And yet this farmer's wife can pause to think of the beauty in this terrifying thing. It is a wonderful sight at night, she says. Trees thirty and forty feet high flame like huge torches, and their crashes are heard all night long. It is at night that one is better able to conquer the fire, for it travels more slowly. During the day the Sun and wind help it along.

There must be a spirit as difficult to quench as a bush fire in the hearts of these men and women.

SOUTH POLE MYSTERY

Do Two Seas Join?

A Norwegian explorer and airman, Captain Riiser Larsen, is proposing to test in a sledge knowledge he has acquired from flights in an aeroplane.

When flying over the Antarctic Continent on the Atlantic side during a previous expedition he observed an area which appeared very suitable for sledging, unbroken ice covered with snow. He has a suspicion that there may even be an opening from the Weddell Sea to the south of the Atlantic right through to the Ross Sea, the huge opening in the Polar continent due south of New Zealand.

Accompanied by two friends and 80 dogs, Captain Larsen is proposing to start his sledging expedition from Enderby Land next spring, making for Weddell Sea, 3500 miles to the west. In this long trek he will cover 2000 miles where no man has ever been before.

The party will be equipped with special radio instruments and will study the magnetic forces of this part of the Earth in connection with the Polar year.

Continued from the previous column

sists in going round the town collecting wastepaper.

Carpentry and boot-repairing are the chief trades taught, and at Tunbridge Wells men are learning rug-making. Allotment schemes are giving an interest in life to workless men in several places, and at Tonbridge they are given ground free of charge; and packets of seeds, 5s worth to each man, have been distributed among 200 men.

The Kent Education Committee are allowing registered unemployed to attend evening classes free.

THIS STUPID WORLD

THE PASSPORT MADNESS

How the Powers That Be Deceive Themselves

A TALE FROM PRAGUE

We know it is a mad world, but how mad we do not always realise.

One side of its madness was made plain the other day, when one of the greatest scientists was invited to America as professor in the latest university there, and was then refused a visa until he had solemnly declared that his purpose in going there was not to overthrow the Constitution.

That is what happened to Dr Albert Einstein when he went to take up his position as professor at Dr Flexner's New Institute for Advanced Studies. He got his visa in the end, but not until he had been made to feel very much like a gate-crasher instead of an honoured guest.

And that is what we all are made to feel like when we line up on the ship's deck or on the draughty platform of a station, passport in one hand and bags and packages slipping out of the other, making us feel sorry we ever left home.

In Spite of Passports

And what undesirables does all this stop from getting into a country? Most of them are stopped in spite of their passports rather than because of them. Probably their passports say that they are blameless Mr Jones or Mr Macpherson.

What disturber of the peace bent on blowing up the United States Senate or preaching revolution from a skyscraper will declare to a United States Consul that his object in going to America is to overthrow the Constitution, or that he would laugh if it were overthrown? He is far more likely to say that America's films have so impressed him that he wishes above all to become a citizen of so enlightened a country.

We believe the story is quite true that a man travelled half over Europe, in and out of the jaws of Customs officers, with his wife's passport, having taken it with him by mistake, and no one was any the wiser.

Come to Britain we say, and send out invitation cards to every country; and when the guests turn up we search their luggage and their pockets and gaze suspiciously from their passports to their tired faces.

A Strange Happening

But at least we do not follow them into the carriage and start throwing the cushions about, which is what happened to the writer passing through Czechoslovakia last summer. The Customs man made everyone stand up in the corridor while he pulled out the seats, threw the cushions on one side, pulled up the flaps at the back, and passed on without a word, graciously allowing the travellers to return to, and put in order, the carriage he had turned into a junk shop.

If the world is not yet sane enough to allow its trade to move, could it not at least allow its people to move? We assure the police that they will find it easier to detect undesirables without forged passports to make the game more difficult; and, for our part, we would not mind a few undesirables getting into England if only we could return to it ourselves a little more easily. As for visiting America, it seems too difficult, and we do not propose to bother.

NO RAIN FOR TEN YEARS

A young man of 21, Mr William Donkin, made a journey on a camel across the Sahara last year, accompanied by a friend and a guide.

In a lecture at the Royal Geographical Society's Hall he told 700 boys and girls how he visited a village which had not seen rain for ten years. He found in this village a group of fossilised tree-trunks.

HOW THE PLAICE

TRAVELS

THE HABITS OF THE RAY

Science and the Development of Fisheries

SOME INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS

By a Laboratory Correspondent

Experiments are being made at the Plymouth Marine Laboratory on the marking of rays.

For years fisheries investigators have been studying the growth and migration of fishes by marking them. The principle is the same in all. Certain fishes are caught, measured, marked, and then set free; the date, size, and place of release are carefully noted; and if a fish be caught again and returned to headquarters it is again measured and the date, size, and place are noted.

How the Fish Are Marked

Thus can be found how much it has grown and how far and in what direction it has travelled from the time of its release. The marks are usually metal discs engraved with a number and fixed with silver wire through the base of the fin.

The best-known experiment was undertaken many years ago to investigate the growth of plaice. A large number of small plaice were caught off the Dutch coast, marked, and measured. Half of them were set free in the same locality and the other half taken right out into the North Sea on the Dogger Bank, one of the most important fishing and feeding grounds. When the fishes were recaptured it was found that, while those left in the original home waters had grown little, those on the Dogger Bank had grown much and were large and fine, showing that transplantation to better conditions had an exceedingly good effect.

Scales and Ear-Bones

The plaice makes long migrations and has been found to travel far. One marked fish set free near Anglesey on December 19, 1929, was caught near the Eddystone Lighthouse in the English Channel on March 14, 1932, having travelled a distance of over 300 miles.

The growth of plaice and many other fishes may be studied by examination of their scales and their ear-bones. This is, however, not the case with skates and rays, which have no scales and do not possess ear-bones.

At Plymouth the marking experiments by Mr G. A. Steven are specially important in the study of the growth and migrations of rays. The thornback, commonly called the roker, is the most abundant of the commercial rays and the chief one used in marking.

The young are hatched in shallow water and remain there during their early stages, moving to deeper water when they are about 16 inches or more across the fins.

The Stay-at-Homes

Migrations, which may be either for the purpose of spawning or of feeding, may occur, but wanderings of the rays are always within a certain limited area. They are stay-at-home fishes. One was captured after 19 months within half a mile of its original place of release. Their growth rate is surprisingly slow.

The roker follows the sprats into the Thames Estuary to feed on them. At Plymouth a similar inshore migration takes place in winter and early spring. Each year, usually about the middle of January, while the herrings are abundant, large numbers of thornbacks congregate in fairly shallow water and feed on them. The females come first and then the males. Both these are migrations for feeding, not for spawning.

LAST SONG OF 200 BIRDS Killed By the Tariff Wall LARKS AND THRUSHES WITHOUT THEIR PASSPORTS

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Is anything too crazy for this crazy man-made world?

Two hundred song-birds will never sing again because of the barriers which men's jealousy has raised between nation and nation. A small thing, perhaps, compared with the human disasters the war has brought over mankind; yet can cruelty and the wanton wiping-out of joyous lives ever be called small?

Two hundred birds of various kinds (thrushes, blackbirds, larks) were being sent by rail through Austria to Prague. They were caged, of course, and this was man's first act of cruelty toward them; a cruelty which only a complete lack of imagination can account for but never excuse.

The consignment arrived at the Czecho-Slovak frontier station, and there was stopped *because the feathered passengers were not provided with the necessary permit to cross the border!*

Side-Track For Six Days

The cages were placed in a side-tracked goods wagon and the consigners were notified; but, whether from carelessness or some other reason, they failed for several days to take the necessary steps, and meanwhile the poor little captives waited and shivered and starved on the frontier.

The Customs officers had no supply of bird food and, busy as they were searching luggage for contraband goods, forgot all about the dumb, poor things. Six days passed before the necessary papers arrived. The Customs officers heaved a sigh of relief and hastened to the side-tracked wagon with the laudable intention of speeding the birds on their way, but, alas and alack! when they looked into the cages the little birds were dead, killed, every single one of them, by the stupid Tariff Wall.

GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS Remarkable Record of an English Farm

Long service in any family or place is a reward in itself and breeds a peculiar dignity, a fellowship between employer and man that those working in one place for ten years or so can never understand.

And as it generally happens that these cases are only made public in notices of death, it is very pleasant to hear of a magnificent example while the people concerned are still alive.

The Royal Agricultural Society has lately given nine bronze medals to a group of workers whose services altogether cover 410 years. That makes an average of about 45 years each. Eight of these are men and one is a woman. The scene of their labours is Chalcroft Farm near Southampton, and Mr William Owton, the farmer, will tell you that his family have held that farm for over three centuries.

The head man on the farm, Mr Reuben Smith, who is nearly 84, is the first on the list with his bronze medal, having worked under someone called Owton for 61 years. Next comes his eighty-year-old wife, with a record of 55 years of work. Their two sons, Harry and Joseph, have been on the farm, one for 46 years, the other for 35.

This kind of thing speaks well for both master and mistress, men and women. It is good to think of, and makes one feel that life has foundations in this good old English soil.

ALL HOME GROWN The Chocolate House of York TO THE ROYAL HOUSE OF YORK

Six bars of chocolate given to a small girl have made history.

The little girl was Princess Elizabeth, and the chocolate was the first ever made from materials grown in England. The cocoa was grown in the tropical plant house in the grounds of the famous Rowntree works at York; the sugar was also made in York, at the Poppleton sugar factory, from beets grown in the neighbourhood; local cows supplied the milk.

We feel that it needs a Heath Robinson to sketch the joy of the good people of York when nine pods ripened on their cacao tree. It was one of several raised from seeds sent in 1926 from the Rowntree plantation in Dominica.

Three Precious Bars

Powerful electric lamps supplemented our English sunshine, while the air in the tropical plant house had to be kept as damp and warm as in the West Indies. To make the cacao trees feel still more at home they were planted with banana trees to shelter them.

One tree only rose to the occasion and bore flowers, and these were fertilised with a camel hair brush. Many pods formed, but only nine ripened. Throughout the whole process of turning the cocoa into chocolate the greatest care was taken not to waste a grain, for the amount was absurdly small; but in the end there were the six bars, three plain, three milk, all genuine English.

The precious bars were laid in a casket worthy of gold bars, with the York rose crowning the whole; and naturally Rowntrees of York chose to present their home-grown chocolate to the little Princess of the House of York.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER MARINERS Trinity House Discovery A PRECIOUS DOCUMENT

The other day the secretary of Trinity House, Mr H. T. Miller, was going through some of the many papers stored in the archives of his office opposite the Tower of London when he came across a precious document which had not been seen for nearly a century.

It was stowed away in a little used safe, folded into many folds; but now it has been mounted and framed and given the prominence it should have, for it is none other than the first Grant of Arms made to the Corporation now known as Trinity House, the body which looks after our lighthouses and pilot service.

A more beautiful parchment has rarely been seen. Dated 1573 and made out by Sir Gilbert Dethyck, Garter King-at-Arms, on the instructions of Queen Elizabeth herself, it sets forth the valiant services of certain men named therein on behalf of the growing naval power and seaborne commerce of the Realm, and confers on them the Arms now borne by the great institution which has grown from the work of these pioneers.

Henry the Eighth granted the Institution its first Charter in 1514, "for the relief, increase, and augmentation of the Shipping of this Realm of England." Elizabeth, great monarch that she was, saw how well-advised she would be to foster the growing usefulness of the new marine authority by conferring social prestige on it through the grant of a coat-of-arms.

This Grant of Arms was known to exist, for in the past its details had been filed in the College of Arms, but at last it is displayed as it should be. The parchment is wonderfully preserved and a joy to look at, so beautifully is it illuminated and so clearly written.

UNDER SIXPENCE AN HOUR Cutlery Wages SURPRISING FIGURES FROM SHEFFIELD

The Ministry of Labour has made an inquiry into cutlery wages, and the results are interesting.

This mainly Sheffield trade is a complicated one, for in some cases cutlery firms employ in their own factories piece-workers who themselves are little masters employing assistants.

Generally, the out-workers or piece-workers in the trade make up or work on materials supplied to them. Sometimes an out-worker works on his own materials, and he is then known in the trade as a "little master."

The figures were supplied by 67 manufacturing firms and 156 out-workers.

The time-workers in the trade were found to earn rates of considerable variation. Of 100 adult male time-workers, aged 21 and over, 14 received less than 10d an hour; 51 between 10d and 1s 3d; and 35 received 1s 3d or more. Of 100 women time-workers, over 50 were rated at less than 6d an hour.

What the Women Earn

Of the women time-workers aged 18 to 20, no fewer than 27 per cent were rated at less than 4d an hour, 36 per cent at 4d and under 5d, and 37 per cent at 5d an hour or more.

We confess that these figures astonish us greatly.

When we turn to piece-workers, who are mostly adult males, we find that 16 per cent were rated at under 10d an hour and 32 per cent at under a shilling an hour.

It is difficult not to express surprise at some of these earnings, and it will be interesting to know whether the trade will come to be included under the provisions of the Trade Boards Act. That Act provides for the establishment of a Wages Board in the trade, equally representative of employers and employed, with an impartial chairman. In many trades this Act has produced excellent results.

CRUSHING ROCKS TO MAKE A WALL India's Giant Reservoir

Toward the end of this year it is expected that India will have a new reservoir with a circumference of a hundred miles.

On the Cauvery River at Mettur British engineers are building a great dam to hold up the waters of the river for irrigation purposes. The dam is to be 5300 feet long and 176 feet high, and it will have a volume of 1,852,000 cubic yards. The water of the great reservoir thus formed will be used as required to irrigate a million acres of land.

Three huge plants have been at work on the site of the dam, crushing enormous blocks of rock, of 32 cubic feet, into small particles to be mixed with cement for the concrete. The blocks go first into the mighty jaws of the first section of one of the crushing plants. This section alone weighs 100 tons.

The broken pieces then pass through another section of the crusher to be still further reduced in smaller jaws to cubes of about six inches. The material is then conveyed to another crusher to be reduced to the required size.

Two great portable towers of special design are being used for mixing the concrete and distributing it where needed on the structure of the dam, which is rapidly growing.

All these wonderful machines, and the giant excavators which prepared the place for the masonry, have been produced by British firms.

THE GREAT SHIP LOST TWO HEROES OF THE ATLANTIQUE

Must We Have All This Luxury
For a Short Voyage?

TEMPTING FATE

Our time will produce no greater heroes than two men of the French liner *Atlantique*.

When at last the burning vessel could be safely boarded the bodies of these two men were found in the engine-room. They had deliberately sacrificed themselves, we are told, in order to keep the pumps going. These heroes died at their posts, and the pumps were working to the very end.

Such courage is sublime, yet it is not unique. We could match this deed over and over again from the files of the C.N., though we could not surpass it.

Preventable But Not Prevented

What seems to us so pitiful is that tragic events such as the loss of this great ship must surely be preventable yet are not prevented. Few things are so pathetic to look on as a great creature in pain—the theme John Milton used so dramatically in *Samson Agonistes*; and even the thought of this great ship lumbering up and down the Channel at the mercy of wind and tide the other day must have struck a chord of sympathy for its own sake in the hearts of sensitive people.

The burning of the *Atlantique* was one of those disasters which are international in their effect, for the insurance on great liners like this is spread over many markets and the personal associations are not confined to the nationals of the flag flown at the mast.

The *Atlantique* was one of the four biggest liners built by France since the Armistice. She had a crew of nearly 700 and carried over 1200 passengers between Europe and South America. With her luxurious equipment she had come to be regarded as a symbol of the great development of the great Republics of the West and of all they mean and will mean in the not far distant future.

Luxury and Risk

There was on this ship a great central hall with a street 460 feet long, with shops in which tailors and dressmakers, jewellers and motor-dealers, showed and sold their goods. Precious woods, elaborate tapestry, and every luxurious material possible furnished the rooms in which the wealthy passengers passed the few days of their journey. There were 300 telephones and seven lifts; it was, in fact, the perfect hotel.

It is very much to be doubted whether the desire for all this luxury does not necessarily make for greater risk from fire. A ship travelling at 24 knots is a giant bellows which quickly fans the smallest spark into an immense conflagration; and one may well think that all this preparation is not really worth while. It asks too much of human nature to ensure that no harm shall befall it, and the penalty of a slight accident or piece of carelessness is too appalling to contemplate when it occurs on a ship as big as a palace.

THE LAST POST

A week or two ago there took place in Bournemouth the funeral of a colonel who for some years had been in residence in that town.

At the graveside the Last Post was duly rendered with all honours.

Some distance away was a corporation cart, drawn by one horse. Hearing the strains of the well-known music the horse stood at attention with ears pricked and refused to move on.

Inquiry showed that the horse had been in Flanders during the war, and knew perfectly what it was expected to do when the Last Post was sounded.

DOING LESS AND EATING LESS

REMARKABLE REPORT OF BRITISH EXPERTS

If a Man Does Not Work
Neither Does He Eat

TARIFFS NO REMEDY

Much has been made in recent years of the way in which machines are taking the place of the workers and adding thousands to the numbers of the unemployed, quite apart from the war debt, the lack of international confidence, and allied causes.

Recently another complaint has been growing in strength about the use of machinery—that the men who work it do not use up their physical energies to anything like the extent their grand-parents did, and consequently do not eat nearly so much. The man who sits all day on a mechanical harvester does not acquire anything like the appetite the man with sickle or scythe had in the old days.

A World Survey

This great change is plainly demonstrated in a report issued by the Institute of International Affairs under the title *World Agriculture*. This important book (published by the Oxford Press at 12s 6d) has been compiled by a group of experts of many nations under the chairmanship of Lord Astor, and the whole world comes under its comprehensive survey.

For instance, the estimated population of the world, over 2000 millions in 1931, has been divided into groups, with the result that whereas 20 per cent are engaged in industry and commerce and 13 per cent in transport, mining, the professions, and domestic work, the rest of mankind, or two in every three of us, are dependent on agriculture for their wealth, feeding both themselves and the odd third by their labour on the soil. It is an amazing thing, and if the agricultural machine were permeating the East as rapidly as the cinema is the result would be extraordinary.

Vacuum Cleaner and Broom

The purpose of this investigation was to set out the reason why the producers of essential human needs are now faced with disaster while others are starving for the produce of their labour, which lies useless in barns and warehouses.

Sir Thomas Middleton, one of the greatest living authorities on agriculture in India and in this country, and Major Elliot, the Minister for Agriculture, both in this Report stress the change in consumption of food due to the fact that men work less arduously today, some manual workers having needed 5000 calories a day to replace the energy expended in the old-time harvest field; whereas 3500 calories would be ample for the man on the traction engine today. The maid with the vacuum cleaner will similarly eat much less bread and butter than her mother ate when she was wielding a broom.

An Illuminating Conclusion

The conclusion reached by the experts, after their study of the quotas and other protective measures adopted by European nations, is illuminating in view of our own new national policy.

No measure of Protection, they find, has effected any substantial improvement in the position of agriculture in general, as the advantage obtained by the farmer in one country must injure farmers in other countries.

Another important point which bears on our own country is the view that our climate and natural conditions favour stock-farming rather than grain-growing, which, of course, means that the whole policy of the present Government in making large doles to wheat

FINDING THE LOST CALL

130,000 A DAY

The New Cetex Idea and What It Means

TELEPHONE CLEARING HOUSE

No reply

Those disconcerting words are only too familiar to everyone who uses the telephone. There is usually nothing to be done for it. We put the receiver on its rest and leave our message, sometimes an important one, undelivered.

Now the good news has come that in London the Postmaster-General has started a scheme by which lost calls can be avoided. If it is successful it may spread to all parts of our island and save an immense amount of inconvenience.

Every day no reply is given to about 130,000 telephone calls in this country. The shrill summons of the telephone bell sounds and resounds in vain. The person rung up is absent, perhaps only for half an hour, and the message is never delivered.

Nations Helping One Another

In Denmark, Holland, and the United States, a scheme for delivering unanswered calls has been working for years, and it is this which has given the idea to the Postmaster-General for his new experiment.

Here is another example of how the nations are helping one another in improving the amenities of life.

Cetex is the name of the new telephone service. Each subscriber is given a secret membership number. This he gives to his friends and people with whom he does business, asking them, if they cannot get into touch with him, to ring up the Cetex number and leave the message with the operator. He can rest assured that it will be in safe keeping and will be transmitted to him later; or it can be delivered to him if he inquires for it.

Teleprinter and Telephone

At the Cetex central exchange, a Telephone Message Clearing House, communications can be received and delivered by teleprinter as well as by telephone at any hour of day or night. This new system will come as a boon and a blessing to the business man, who will be certain that messages sent to him after office hours or while he is absent will not be lost.

Subscribers can also leave a message to be given to inquirers.

Mr Smith, who owns a one-man business, will also benefit, for during his absence from his office all orders and inquiries can be correctly received and written down ready for him to collect later at the Cetex.

By paying a guinea for six months a private subscriber can have 125 messages delivered or sent for him. The commercial rate is three guineas for six months, during which a business man can make use of the Cetex service 500 times. There is no charge for an inquiry if no message is waiting.

Continued from the previous column

farmers and not to stock raisers (whose raw material costs them more) is wrong, especially as in the Empire we have the richest wheatfields in the world.

This body of international students have, as practical men, discovered what the economists have been preaching for months—that it is becoming increasingly difficult in our modern world for one State to harm the interests of another without injuring itself, and that only action on a large scale, in which all the chief nations collaborate, can hope to overcome world-wide difficulties.

And so these experts pray for the success of the Disarmament Conference and the World Economic Conference to enable the farmers to extricate themselves from their present plight, a plight, we may add, into which the politicians have plunged them.

NO WAY TO DISARM THE CHEMIST

The League and Chemical Warfare

A BITTER CONCLUSION

The Disarmament Conference set up a Committee to consider the question of the possibility of preventing or banning chemical warfare.

The replies given are disquieting.

The Committee points out that war chemicals are so easily made that it is very difficult to place any serious barrier in the way of chemical warfare. The report says that in a country possessing an important chemical industry it will always be possible to use chemical weapons, and that chemical warfare can always be rapidly organised, even though no special preparation has been made for it in time of peace.

The One Way to World Peace

The methods of using poisonous substances can be readily adopted, not only by using ordinary shells and bombs, but by the utilisation of glass, earthenware, and metal bottles.

The Committee also points out that no special preparation is needed for the use of poisonous shells. Compressed gas cylinders as used in the medical service are just the same as those required for poison-gas. An ordinary commercial airman can readily use chemical bombs.

It is a bitter thing that the representatives of ten countries come to these conclusions; and they remind us that if we are seriously to get rid of war we must get rid of the spirit of war and obtain peace through contentment.

The only effective way of disarming a nation in respect of poison-gases and incendiary bombs would be to destroy all its chemical factories, but that cannot be done. In other words, chemical disarmament is impossible, and we have to rely on justice and humanity as, in the end, we always must.

OLD ROAR GILL

Respectable at Last

Old Roar Gill is respectable at last, and, if places can feel, it must feel enormously surprised.

The Mayor of Hastings has just thrown it open to the public. It used to be the haunt of people who disliked mayors and all other functionaries.

About a mile from the heart of Hastings is a lovely glen, with a clamorous waterfall. The Sussex labourers called it Old Roar Gill.

When smuggling was one of the regular, if illegal, trades this quiet, dark glen was one of their lairs.

It was notorious in those days, and safer for most people to know nothing about the characters who used it, men whose first maxim probably was *Dead Men Tell No Tales*.

After the smuggling days passed and the glen lost its ill-fame it became a dense tangle, and the thickets have only now been cleared away. A lovely half-mile walk is the result.

We hear that the owners sold it to Hastings very reasonably. It is to be hoped that the public will reward them by not making the glen ugly with litter.

If anyone leaves paper or peel in Old Roar Gill he ought to be chased through all his dreams for a week by the most villainous-looking smugglers—that ever brandished a cutlass.

VACANT NICHES

Though Queen Victoria formally opened the Law Courts in 1882, work in them did not begin till January, 1883. This is fifty years ago. And still the two niches that flank the main entrance are without the statues for which, presumably, they were designed. In whose honour could they be most appropriately filled?

SOUND TO THE CORE

NATION'S SAVINGS DURING THE CRISIS

The People Putting By More
and More For a Rainy Day

STATE FUNDS OVER 1000 MILLIONS

The figures on national thrift which have lately been issued hide under their cold print a story of courage and confidence of which the people of this country may justifiably be proud.

In years long past there have been alarms and panics about the security of investments, but nothing like the situation which occurred eighteen months ago, when a Chancellor of the Exchequer himself declared that the Post Office Savings had been in grave danger.

The State and Its Leaders

It was the first time that such a statement had been made to the million small savers in this country, and might easily have led to panic withdrawals and recourse to the proverbial stocking. Instead, the great mass of our people realised that the State was sounder than some of its leaders and left their savings in the common pool, greatly, of course, to the common weal. Little noticed at the time our social histories of the future will record it to our lasting credit.

What, according to the figures, did happen in the year in which the crisis sprang suddenly on us out of the blue? The small investors put by £7,000,000 more for the rainy day.

With unemployment still serious and trade declining it could not be expected that the savings would amount to those of the previous year, yet the drop in saving did not amount to sevenpence in each pound respecting new money invested in Savings Certificates, which came to nearly 50 million pounds.

Nest-Egg of the Wage-Earners

The total value of the certificates on March 31, 1932, was 477 millions; and when we add to this sum the 182½ millions in the trustee savings banks and the 503½ millions in the Post Office Savings Bank (over 1163 million pounds) we realise that the nest-egg of the wage-earners and their dependents is large enough to boast about.

There was evidence that a large amount of the money obtained by people cashing their certificates and withdrawing their deposits from the Post Office was reinvested in Government securities, and is still money saved. The Building Societies, who cater for the same type of investors, also increased their funds in that critical year.

NORWEGIAN DANCERS COME TO TOWN

Every year the English Folk-Dance and Song Society does excellent work in bringing the nations together by inviting people from other countries to come to London to give displays of their traditional dances, many of which had never before been seen in England.

The annual national festival of dance and song, held lately in the Albert Hall, was an exhilarating experience for everyone. Norwegian folk dances were the chief events of the evening. Miss Klara Semb and the team of dancers in gala costume which she had brought from Norway gave a display of beautiful dances some of which have been danced for about nine centuries.

The coconut dance, performed by a team from Bacup, Rochdale, and the Horn Dance of Abbots Bromley (which is still performed every September at that place), were some of the most interesting items. Every dancer, whether Norwegian or English, caught the spirit of the evening and had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

ECLIPSE OF A SUN ALGOL'S DARK WORLD

Glimpse of an Event That
Took Place 120 Years Ago

MEASURING LIGHT

By the C.N. Astronomer

This year there will be no eclipse of the Sun or Moon visible in this country.

The two annular eclipses of the Sun, which take place on February 24 and August 21, will not be observable.

But eclipses of other suns occur not infrequently, when certain stars may be seen to dim their brilliance owing to a dark world which revolves round them, intercepting more or less of their light.

About 250 stars are known whose light varies owing to this cause, but in a great many cases the stars are telescopic, and in many others the changes are insufficient to be readily perceptible without accurate measurement with a photometer, an instrument for measuring very precisely the light received from a star by comparing it with a fixed standard.

By means of photography a wonderful degree of accuracy is obtained with the photometer, much greater than is possible with the visual photometers.

But though so many stars require the aid of instruments in order that the changes may be observed there are a few which do not. Among these is Algol, the Demon Star, so called long ago because of the remarkable variations of its light, which were then not understood.

Algol is a sun very much larger than ours and 7,620,000 times farther away. A partial eclipse of this sun by a great body that revolves round it may be witnessed on the evening of January 28, and, though it will not be such a spectacular event as a partial eclipse of our own Sun, it may be more interesting when the observer knows what occurs, and remembers that it actually happened 120 years ago.

Algol will be easily found in the constellation of Perseus with the aid of our star map. This constellation being almost overhead about 6 o'clock in the evening, Algol will be seen to be the second brightest star of the group and almost due south of Alpha, the brightest. It will appear very nearly as bright as Alpha if observed between 5 and 6 o'clock. It will be very much brighter than Rho in Perseus, the star a little way below Algol.

The eclipse will be starting about that time; and if Algol is observed between then and 10 o'clock the star will be seen gradually to become dim, until Algol will appear very little brighter than Rho.

The Light That Will Reach Us

The great central sun of Algol will now be at the extreme extent of the eclipse. Only a sixth of its light will be reaching us and a thin crescent of its disc be presented; the other five-sixths are intercepted by the relatively dark body of the great world which revolves round Algol.

After remaining thus for about 20 minutes, during which the eclipsing world passes immediately in front of Algol, it will begin to pass off, and after another four hours or so Algol will have regained its normal brilliancy.

During the next 2 days 20 hours and 49 minutes the dark eclipsing world will continue its course round Algol; then, again coming between us and this sun, the eclipse will be repeated, and so by about 7 o'clock on January 31 this may be again observed.

Thus it continues with unvarying regularity, so that it becomes possible to forecast succeeding eclipses. But allowance must be made for the intervals when the eclipses take place during daylight hours.

G. F. M.

A SMALLER RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

The Education Idea

BEGINNING ALL OVER AGAIN

The new education introduced into Russia after the revolution 15 years ago had shown itself to be faulty and is now being revised.

The people of Russia are beginning to feel that some parts of their big Plan have not been an entire success, and in the field of education changes are being made back to the old ways which had been discarded.

An Order of the Central Executive Committee brings the new old ways into force. The system of collective study by groups, or brigades, seems to have resulted in a marked decline in the standard of general education; all sense of responsibility among the students had disappeared, and there had ceased to be any personal contact between students and professors.

Prizes For Good Work

To correct this disadvantage students in future must do their own individual work in laboratories and workshops, half-yearly examinations will again be held, and no collective ones will be allowed. Numerous prizes are to be given to encourage good work, and competition is to be fostered in order to raise the standard and restore discipline.

Scientific titles which had been abolished are to be again conferred; professors and lecturers are to be appointed and paid on the value of their qualifications and on the instruction they give. Also their authority is to be unchallenged, without interference from students.

These changes throw a clear light on the nature of the education experiment of the last 15 years. The emphasis on the need for discipline and the value of individual work and training is very marked, and Russia surely shows a sound judgment in recognising this, and a real courage in promptly acting on this recognition.

THE POOR MAN'S GONDOLA

The Cardinal La Fontaine, patriarch of Venice, has just lately informed the secretary of the gondoliers syndicate that he wished to give his gondola, with all its belongings, to a poor and worthy gondolier, and asked him to indicate the man whom he considered most worthy.

The secretary thanked the illustrious prelate, and a poor boatman of Bragore who was felt to be the most deserving of the cardinal's generosity has taken possession of the magnificent gondola.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

What is Gopher Wood?

According to Genesis 6, 14, the timber of which Noah built the Ark; it is identified with the cypress. The name is also applied to the North American leguminous yellow wood tree.

Is Monmouthshire in England or Wales?

In England; but for parliamentary and administrative purposes it is regarded as part of Wales. It was originally part of the Welsh kingdom of Gwent, and remained in the principality till it became a shire in 1535.

How Did Scotland Yard Get Its Name?

From the fact that it occupies the site of a palace built for the reception of the Kings of Scotland when they visited London. The palace fell into ruin during Elizabeth's reign. The correct title is New Scotland Yard.

What Were the Populations of Australia and Canada at the Last Census?

Australia (1921) 5,435,734; Canada (1931) 10,376,786. The next Australian census is to take place in June this year. On March 31, 1932, the Australian population was estimated at 6,539,270.

LIVELY STOWAWAYS

From Jamaica To the Zoo

TRAINING THE LAUGHING HYENA
TO LAUGH TO ORDER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Once again a crate of bananas from Jamaica has supplied the Zoo with some new additions, the stowaways this time being a collection of spindle-bodied wasps.

The insects were found huddled together in a bunch among the fruit; and though they are common enough in the West Indies the Zoo regards their arrival as a stroke of luck, for they are the first of their kind in the menagerie.

They are considerably larger and more unpleasant-looking than the ordinary, familiar wasp, and their stings are disturbingly long and noticeable.

Crickets on the Hearth

Far from being upset by their long journey and the change of climate the newcomers arrived in a lively condition, and had to be handled with care.

The Insect House has two more new attractions, one a collection of cellar beetles, and the other a number of fair-sized black beetles, which are mistaken for cockroaches, have been made to look at home, for the background of the glass cylinder in which they are exhibited has been painted to look like the corner of a cellar, while the stone floor on which the insects crawl about is furnished with chipped earthenware flower-pots. The crickets are shown on a hearth.

Slinker, the young spotted hyena, is rapidly learning to be a reliable laugher.

An Unwise Practice

After the death of Punch, the Zoo's famous laughing hyena, the menagerie had no hyena willing to entertain visitors by the mirthless, hysterical laughter of the spotted hyena, but during the last few months strenuous efforts have been made to train Slinker to laugh to order.

Now, when his joint is dangled in front of him, Slinker can generally be depended upon to laugh for his dinner.

He has learned to take dog biscuits gently from his visitors. Formerly, although there are several wolves and hyenas in the menagerie tame enough to be fed by hand, young Zoo visitors have never been allowed to feed them. But it is, of course, unwise to attempt to feed any of these creatures without the keeper's permission.

WHO WAS FRANCIS BACON?

Born, London, January 22, 1561.

Died, April 9, 1626.

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," as Pope termed him, died Lord Verulam and Viscount St Albans.

He never was Lord Bacon, the name by which he is commonly called. His career as a public man was marred by servility and treachery.

He fawned upon the powerful, to turn without mercy upon them (notably in the case of the Earl of Essex) when his ends had been served.

Successfully filling all the high offices of State leading to the Lord Chancellorship, he fell from that office, convicted of the grossest corruption, was imprisoned in the Tower, fined £40,000, and banished the Court and Parliament. The sentence was remitted, but he continued in retirement.

His literary labours entitle him to be styled the Father of English learning. While he was ignorant of discoveries of his contemporaries, and cherished many superstitions, he gave an impetus to English learning such as no other man had done.

Which do you prefer?



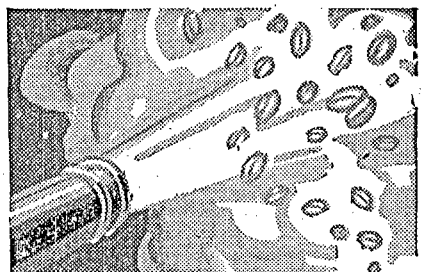
WATCH the family go for these Puffed grains. Bill's a little gentleman, he lets Betty have first share of Puffed Rice. Bert prefers Puffed Wheat, anyway, so they all set to. Mother is delighted to see them enjoy their food so much, for she knows the nourishment these Puffed grains provide and appreciates that they are ready to serve.



SINGE Mother first came in with the familiar Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice packets there's been "no change on the breakfast front." The whole family agree there is nothing like these Puffed foods for a satisfying and delicious breakfast.

* * *

It's puffing that makes these rich grains of wheat and rice so delightful to eat, so tasty and crunchy, so completely digestible. Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice in its most delicious form. Puffed Wheat contains the nutriment of the whole wheat grain, "puffed" to an airy crunchiness. No wonder Quaker Puffed grains are so popular, no wonder this ready-to-serve cereal is relished by children and grown-ups alike.



FOOD shot from guns. Selected grains of rice or wheat are placed in specially constructed ovens. Fiery heat creates enormous pressure. When the guns are fired each grain is puffed to eight or ten times its normal size. The full story of this interesting and novel process is described on the back of each packet.

PUFFED RICE

ALSO

PUFFED WHEAT

Made and Guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd., London.

TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 37

The Flagstaff

BECKONING Jim, the Squire pointed to one of the palms.

"Friend Jim," said he, "you've got a good pair of legs. Just shin up that tree and see if you can sight anyone."

So Jim went, and got halfway up, but came down with a run. "It's too slippery," he reported. "But I didn't see anyone."

"No building of any sort?"

"No; only trees," Jim said.

"Well, Babbage, what do you think?" uttered Mr Deedwinnick. "Had anyone been on the island they surely had heard us? Or seen us? Or seen our ship?"

Cap'n Ben suggested that they let out a hail. "All together! When I give the word. Now!" he directed.

They lifted their voices and shouted. But no sound responded, except the sudden screeching of birds in the trees. They called again. And stood listening. But only the birds answered.

Then Mr Deedwinnick told them to run the boat down. "We'll pass tonight on the ship," he said. "Tomorrow—"

He finished it with a gesture. His eyes were alight.

Jim had supposed that they would try for the pearls in the morning. But the Squire had other ideas. On their return to the brigantine he had summoned Tom Honeyman, who had then gone straight to the forepeak with a fine bustle. So it came about that when they landed betimes in the morning the dingy's cargo included a long white spar newly planned and rigged up as a flagstaff. It had made Jim stare when he clapped his eyes on it first, till Merciful had implored him under his breath to strike him pink if the Squire was losing any time.

Mr Deedwinnick had completed his dispositions. Ajax Rummell was to stay on the brigantine, which would remain in the lagoon, with his Mate and his five hands. The rest of the party, being those from The Dancing Nan, together with Bora Bora, would forthwith establish themselves upon the island.

But the Squire's stately mien showed that something was afoot first. He put his snuff-box aside. In its place was a memorandum book, which he had kept consulting as the dinghy took them ashore.

Then, all being landed and their cargo removed from the boat, the Squire bade Gannett and Honeyman take up the flagstaff, and commanding one and all, variously laden, to fall in behind him, he marched up the beach to a clearing between the palms. He surveyed this clearing; he tried the sand with his feet; dissatisfied, he moved forward to a green slope covered with saplings, and summoning two of the seamen who had brought axes, he pointed to the slope and "Clear that!" he said. And to Cap'n Ben he said, "I think this will do, Babbage? A nice site! Well in view from the sea."

Cap'n Ben turned, scanned the lagoon, scanned the ship, scanned the reef, scanned the ocean beyond the reef. "Aye," he said crisply. "Aye, sir. As good as we'll find."

"For our immediate purpose, Ben Babbage, I think. Though egad! I'll fly it on top there one of these days." And the Squire indicated the saddle-back mountain which straddled across the island from side to side.

The men had cleared the saplings, whose roots had struck deep. The slope stood bare. They carried the debris away. Then Gannett swung his pick-axe, with each stroke a grunt, and soon had shaped one of the root-holes into a deep socket.

"Up with her!" cried the Squire. They heaved up the flagstaff, balanced it, got it erect, got it fast in that socket.

"Spades!" rapped Mr Deedwinnick.

They shovelled back mould and turf and coral fragments, and flattened all down till the flagstaff stood firm as a rock. Then, having stationed himself on the knoll with his face to the ocean, Mr Deedwinnick bared his head and signed to Captain Ben and Miles Maravin to take post one on his right hand and one on his left. And as soon as they had done this, and bared their heads also, he beckoned Jim forward.

"Stand you here in front of me, friend Jim," he bade, and pointed to the halyard which ran through the truck of the flagstaff and the bunting lying in a heap at its bottom. "Take the halyard in your hand. Catch hold of that bunting. But don't pull on the rope till I give you the word."

So there stood Jim, a pace in front of the Squire, with his steady eyes fixed earnestly on the flagstaff. On the other side whereof, and facing it also, the rest of the party, having put down their axes and spades, now

ranged themselves in a semi-circle, shoulder to shoulder, all looking straight to their front, with their caps in their hands, in deep silence.

This solemn silence endured for a half-minute.

Then Mr Deedwinnick raised his right hand in the air, and began to address them in a loud, ringing voice.

"Now, hark ye, all of you! And bear witness," he cried, "that I, Jasper Deedwinnick, of Polgelly, in the Duchy of Cornwall, do hereby take possession of this island—"

He stooped, and gathered up a handful of soil.

"—in the name of his Gracious Majesty George the Fifth, by the Grace of God King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Sovereign of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, Sovereign of the Most Illustrious Order of St Patrick, Sovereign of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Sovereign of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India—"

The King himself could scarcely have looked any grander or any finer, thought Jim, than the Squire himself looked as, one by one, he gave out those sonorous titles.

He had come to their end. He paused. The deep hush endured. There was nothing but the soft murmur of the lagoon, till that ringing voice broke into the silence again.

"And I take all present for witnesses that from now onward this island is the lawful and rightful possession of the King's Majesty and of his Majesty's Crown, to the which as part and parcel it now appertains." The Squire paused once more. "God Save the King!" he said gravely.

And all of them said after him: "God Save the King!"

Then at a touch from Mr Deedwinnick Jim hauled on the signal halyard. And slowly the Union Jack went mounting the flagstaff, till out it streamed and flew broad in the breeze at the top.

Almost simultaneously those of the party who faced the lagoon saw the Union Jack fly from the masthead of the brigantine.

Then solemnly the gallant brigantine dipped her flag.

"And I call upon all present," the Squire cried out, "to bear witness further that I, Jasper Deedwinnick of Polgelly, do now and herewith give to this island its name. I name it George and Mary Island. And by such title shall it henceforth be known."

Captain Ben raised his right arm. "We bear witness," he answered.

"And now, gentlemen," resumed Mr Deedwinnick, in his fine manner and giving his glance to one and all of the party, "now, all together—when Merciful gives us the note." And in the pause, "Come, Merciful!" he cried out heartily.

So Jim's swinging seaman struck up and all took it up with him; and thus for the first time since it emerged from the bed of the ocean did the island hear the strains that were now to belong to it.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!

The lagoon was listening as well. And the birds in the trees. The surf came whispering up in a gentle accompaniment. The branches of the palms were bending to listen.

Odd that Jim should feel that sudden choke in his throat.

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

And when this was finished, and the Squire had dismissed his parade, he took snuff with a rare satisfaction, and called Jim again. "I place you, friend Jim," he said, "in charge of our flag. You will hoist it first thing of a morning and lower it every day at the first twitch of sundown."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Jim, his eyes shining.

CHAPTER 38

The Squire is Impatient

THE next three days were very busy indeed, with much coming and going between the brigantine and the beach as the shore party quietly established itself, though at first the Squire had vowed he would not lift a hand until he had sent a wireless to the British Consul in Papeete announcing the island's discovery and annexation to the Crown.

But he reckoned without Miles Maravin and Cap'n Ben. Said the Captain, "There

is none but ourselves on the island. We have found it. We have taken possession and named it. It won't run away. So why hurry?"

"Let sleeping dogs lie—by your leave, sir," rumbled Miles Maravin.

"Now confound you and your sleeping dogs, Miles!" fumed the Squire. "And you, Ben Babbage? What's all this dilly-dally?"

"I'll tell you, sir," said Cap'n Ben, with a snap. "You call it dilly-dally. I call it Vacca."

"Oh, Vacca!" scoffed Mr Deedwinnick. "We have finished with him."

"Have we? Who knows? I don't," returned Cap'n Ben. "But I take permission to tell you this, Mr Deedwinnick. That it's madness to let Vacca hear that we've found this island, as hear he must directly you publish our claim. For what happens then? The scoundrel disputes our claim and lodges one on his own behalf. With a consequence as plain as the nose on my face. That into the official stew-pot you go, sir."

"I tell you Vacca is wiped off the slate!" cried the Squire. "If he ever sets his loathsome foot on this island—which, in my turn, Captain Babbage, I take leave to doubt." Mr Deedwinnick's tone had grown very stately indeed. "There's no single trace of the man or his scoundrels on this island!"

"No more there is," observed Cap'n Ben, thrusting his chin out. "And may I inquire what you make of that, Mr Deedwinnick?"

"Odd rat me! Haven't I told you!" roared Mr Deedwinnick. "Hang it, I'm never a man to indulge in high words or to act on impulse; as well you know, Benjamin Babbage. Yet I'm fain to admit that I am near the end of my patience!" Then, surprising a grin on the ruddy face of Miles Maravin, round he swung on that imperturbable person. "And you, Miles?" he vociferated. "What's in your mind?"

"My Guadeloupe Inn," said Maravin very placidly.

"We find no traces of Vacca upon this island; from which you argue that the scoundrel has never been here. That is what you make of it, Mr Deedwinnick. Allow me," resumed Cap'n Ben, "to say what I make of it. Mr Deedwinnick, Vacca never leaves traces. Cast your mind back: did he leave any on The Savannah? And, in the same way, when he makes a trip from here to dispose of his pearls he takes uncommon care to leave nothing behind to point to his occupation or to his stolen property. For why? In case some vessel should happen along in his absence, and land a party for fresh water, or something like that. Vacca don't intend it to spot that anyone has been living here and working the lagoon for pearls. No, Mr Deedwinnick. So Vacca destroys every evidence. Each time he leaves the island he leaves it as deserted and untouched as he found it."

Whereupon at once the Squire whipped out his snuff-box and took a great pinch; then, snapping the lid down, he clapped at the same time the lid upon his resentment. "Shewdly spoken, 'pon my honour!" he cried. "Aye, you're in the right of it, Ben! Then how would you act?"

"Step outside with me and I'll show you, Mr Deedwinnick."

And Cap'n Ben turned and led the way from the hut in which the three had been conducting their argument.

They had built it on a plateau at the foot of the mountain and fashioned it stoutly of timber brought from the ship and given it a lofty roof of pandanus leaves plaited in native fashion by Bora Bora. There were open caves under the roof for the air to pass through.

Hut? Or mansion? Or fortress? Perhaps a bit of all three. For Tom Honeyman had built an adjoining kitchen, and two dormitories had been constructed at arm's length, the one for Mr Deedwinnick and Captain Ben, the second for the eight others comprising the shore party. Round the whole they had raised a stockade with loopholes for rifle fire; and beyond this stockade their plateau sloped steeply down.

Thus had Mr Deedwinnick established his garrison. And let there be no mistake that he had come into residence. Nay, that he had clinched plain and straight for all to behold. For proudly over the fortress floated his House flag, which he had brought with him overseas for such very purpose; aye, there it flew with its shield of crimson and gold and the motto of the Deedwinnicks emblazoned upon it.

To this flag, to this motto, Captain Ben was now pointing. "You ask my plan of campaign. Let me tell you," he uttered.

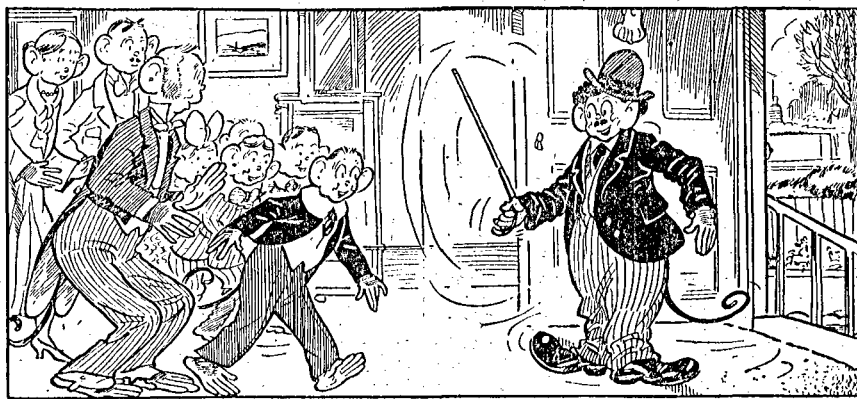
TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO'S PARTY SURPRISE

MOTHER JACKO had promised the children a party. She wrote the invitations, and Jacko and Baby took them round to their friends.

At each house Jacko said a strange thing: "There will be a great surprise at the party."

Baby asked Jacko what he meant, but Jacko only grinned at him.



In came a strange figure

The party day came and the guests began to arrive, and presently, when everybody had had a good tea, Adolphus got up.

"I am going to read you a note which I have had," he announced, "Dear sir (it says) I have heard that you are having a party, and feel sure you will allow me to look in for a little while after tea. Yours truly, Charlie Chaplin."

There was a storm of applause at these words.

"Just fancy!" cried the guests, "Charlie Chaplin!"

"I'd better go and see if he's coming up the road," said Jacko, jumping up.

"I'm very good at talking American," And away he bolted.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and in came a strange figure.

He had on a suit that was much too big for him and a big bowler hat. He had a small moustache and a cane, and he walked in a strange rocking way, with his feet turned out.

"Charlie! Charlie Chaplin!" cried the guests, clapping their hands.

Charlie Chaplin raised his hat and rolled his eyes.

"Speech!" called Adolphus.

Charlie cleared his throat. He seemed a little nervous. He put his hand into his pocket and took out a striped red and blue handkerchief to wipe his forehead.

"Why," shouted Father Jacko, "that's my handkerchief!" And he came a little nearer. "My coat too!"

Suddenly Charlie rubbed his hand across his face—off came his moustache, his eyebrows, and his nose; and there was that young rascal Jacko!

When Schools all around were CLOSED BY 'FLU

This school had
record attendance

Thanks to use of Karsote Inhalant

Dramatic proof of the value of Karsote Inhalant as the safest, surest, protection from 'Flu, coughs and colds is afforded in the following letter from a Headmaster of a school in the Fen district of Lincolnshire. He writes:—

"I am the Headmaster of a school in a low-lying Fen district and have many colds to contend with amongst our children. I have personally used Karsote as a remedy for chronic catarrh and found relief from the first application, so thought it would be a good plan to use it in the school. The method adopted was to keep a bottle of Karsote on the desk and children were instructed to use it whenever they thought there was the slightest need.

The result was that our attendance for the last term was very satisfactory for Winter, showing an average of 87.02 per cent. compared with 75 per cent. for the corresponding period of last year.

During the time we used Karsote every other school except ours within a radius of five miles was closed for two or three weeks with 'Flu or Whooping Cough. The two schools nearest to us were closed for one month with 'Flu and in the next nearest for three weeks with Whooping Cough and Sore Throats. My own school was not only not closed, but actually increased the attendance, as mentioned, which is very good, as we never expect a high average during the Winter as every wet day keeps those away who have to come two or three miles across the Fens."

Kills 'Flu germs before they
gain a hold.

Avoid 'Flu this safe, easy way. Keep
free from Winter colds, coughs, and catarrh.

Simply sprinkle 10 to 15 drops of Karsote (new scientific Inhalant) on to your handkerchief and inhale the pleasant vapours which arise.

The 'Flu germ and the germs of common colds, coughs, catarrh, etc., enter the system through the nose and mouth. Laboratory tests conclusively prove that Karsote vapour kills the 'Flu germ (*Bacillus Influenza Pfeiffer*) in sixty seconds, and that is why the frequent inhaling of Karsote from your handkerchief kills 'Flu germs before they enter the system. Sprinkled on the pillow or bed-clothing Karsote gives you safe protection through the night. For children, sprinkle Karsote Inhalant on to the clothing under the chin or on handkerchiefs, each morning before they go to school. Karsote is perfectly safe even for the youngest child. The diagram below shows result of laboratory tests (certified by our Chief Chemist) on influenza germs (*Bacilli Influenza Pfeiffer*).



Fig. 1—Influenza germs at start of attack.
Fig. 2—Startling growth of germs after 24 hours.
Fig. 3—60 seconds exposure to Karsote vapour has entirely killed the germs.

Karsote (Brand) Inhalant is obtainable from every chemist. Trial size 1/-. Double quantity 1/6. Four times the quantity, 2/6.

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quality Shakespeare ever known

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TO EVERY
C.N. READER
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Sheds, Make strong, rigid models. Real
bricks, real doors, real windows. Blue-
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Newcastle-on-Tyne, 6.**

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dressed to: The Advertisement
Manager, "The Children's News-
paper," Tallis House, Tallis Street,
London, E.C.4.



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PRIZE
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fascinating

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the competition organised
by the makers of "Butterfly
Brand" Gummed Paper Craft
Materials.

Two classes for children of
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Many fine stamps from the ro-
mantic South Sea Islands are
included in this packet of 60
varieties. NEW GUINEA AIR
MAIL (illustrated). This beau-
tiful stamp depicts native vil-
lage, biplane, etc. JAMAICA
the fine Araware issue, GUYANA
(President), GUYANA (Bow-
man), JAPAN (the heroic Barth-
quake issue), unused Spain (Republic), Nigeria, old
TRAVANCORE, Africa (Frigate), British Colonials, 25
genuine unused, ALL FREE. Just send 2d. postage
and request approvals. Get your friend to write to
Lisburn & Townsend (Dept. C.N.), Liverpool.

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POST ONLY.
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This large parcel contains 500 Unsorted
Foreign Stamps, many scarce, from Cuba,
German Occupation of Belgium, early
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Jamaica (West-Indies), early Victoria (Queen
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SPECIAL—1,000 DIFFERENT STAMPS, 4/7d.
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pictorial), Gaboon (new river scene), Hungary
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each applicant. Mention 1933 offer.

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Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4; Colours from 2/11 lb.
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52,000 BREAKFASTS
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gry East End Children. Remember the little ones.
3d. pays for ONE meal. 25/- for 100.

How many may we entertain as your guests?
R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supt.,
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EMULSION**
for Health this Winter

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Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp)
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By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling
FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium
or Broad). Fleet price, 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9.
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 28, 1933

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Delayed By a Puncture

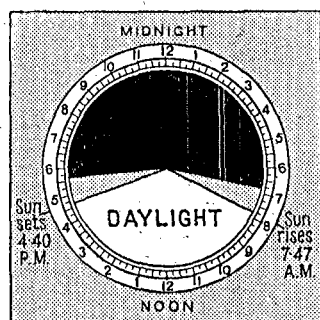
A CYCLIST allows himself 1½ hours for a journey of 15 miles; but, owing to a puncture, has to finish the journey on foot at three miles an hour and arrives 35 minutes late. How far had he to walk? *Answer next week*

The Electric Thief

THE electric catfish, which lives in Nigerian waters, possesses powerful electric organs in its body which it uses in a strange way. When it is hungry it swims around until it sees a bigger fish having a meal. It cruises casually by, as if seeking any stray crumbs from the big fellow's feast, and as it does so it brushes its victim with its fins.

A powerful shock is transmitted. Startled, the big fish takes to flight, and the catfish calmly helps itself to the meal.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on January 28. The daylight gets longer each day.

An Enigma

WHAT is my form, you'll hardly guess,
For I nor head nor hands possess,
Yet feet I have, though never walk,
Use many words yet never talk.
Both pain and pleasure I can give,
And longer than my maker live.
My parts must be minutely kenneled
Before I'm known to you, my friend;
For oft my feature-lines in vain
Are studied o'er and o'er again;
And even though before your eye,
You sometimes cannot me descry.

Answer next week

The Wonder Flower of Bermuda

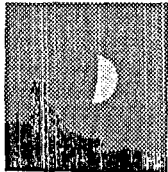
ONE of the most curious flowers in the world is a kind of convolvulus which is common in Bermuda.

The strange thing about this blossom is that it changes colour as the hours of the day pass. Soon after sunrise the flower opens and it is then a lovely rose-

pink. As time passes the bloom takes on a mauve shade until by noon it is a rich blue. In the afternoon the blue becomes fainter and fainter until when darkness comes this astonishing blossom is quite white. Just before midnight the flower fades, and it is a mass of crumpled petals by the morning.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the South-East. In the evening Uranus is in the South-West, and Mars and Jupiter are in the South-East later. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, February 1.



Beheaded Word

I HAVE control o'er snow and ice;
The birds they hail me with delight;
To aid the poor I do suffice,
And all who read will own my might;
When of my head I am bereft
I at the harvest-time do show;
And then at winter, if I'm left,
You'll find me lost in frost and snow.
Once more behead me, and I send
A thrill to pierce the hardest heart;
I with the thunderbolt descend,
And now to find me is your part.
But, ere you read my last, don't fail
To add a letter to my tail.

Answer next week

Two Houses

A BUILDER had two houses which no one seemed anxious to buy. One day a purchaser came along and offered £600 each for them. The builder protested that although he was willing to sell the smaller of the two for that price he could not afford to sell the larger one at so low a figure, since that was 20 per cent less than it had cost him to build.

However, £600 was 20 per cent more than the smaller house had

cost, so he decided that as he had had so much difficulty in selling he would accept the offer.

Was he right in thinking that he would neither gain nor lose any money on the deal?

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



La palette Le perroquet Le pré
Le peintre se sert d'une palette.
Le perroquet est sur son perchoir.
Les chevaux paissent dans le pré.

Curious Arithmetic

CAN you find a way of adding 2 to nothing so as to leave 1? And can you divide nothing by nothing so that the result will be nobody? *Answer next week*

Port and Starboard

EXPERIENCED travellers between England and India long ago discovered that on the outward voyage the port-side cabins were best protected from the heat of the Sun, and that the starboard cabins were cooler when homeward bound.

Thus, they had a saying: "Port out, starboard home," and it is probable that the initials of these words are the origin of the slang term "posh" for anything that is specially comfortable or select.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Divided By Six. Six at a penny, twelve at three for twopence.

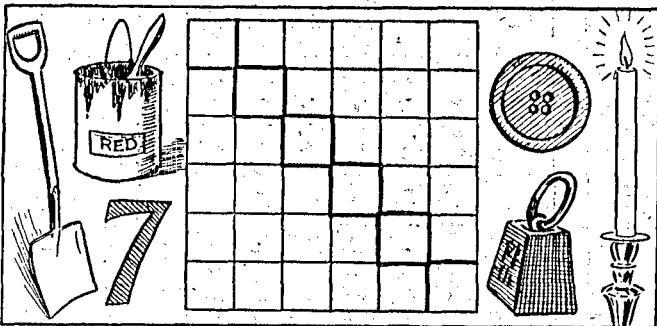
The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

E	A	R	E	P	I	S	O	D	E	B	A	R
D	R	A	M	A	T	I	O	N	D	R	A	P
I	E	U	S	A	N	S	E	A	R	N		
T	F	R	E	M	E	S	C	E	N	C	E	N
O	V	E	R	U	R	O	C	E	L	S	E	
R	E	L	E	T	S	G	A	I	D	A	N	T
E	L	R	E	M	N	A	N	T				
E	R	S	T	D	A	U	N	T	E	D	G	E

Beheaded Word. There, here, ere.

What Bird Is This? Vulture.

A Diagonal Acrostic in Pictures



FIND the names of the objects illustrated and write them in the squares in such order that the diagonal word indicated by thick lines is cold.

Answer next week

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

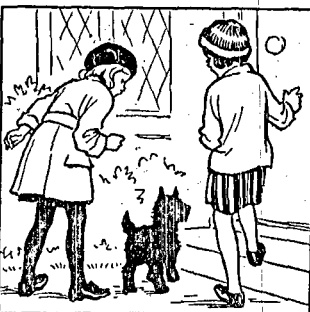
MILDRED had had a serious quarrel with her best friend Gay. It had been about a geography book that Mildred knew she had lent to Gay. Gay said she had never taken it out of Mildred's shelf. Now it was wanted and could not be found.

"I shan't be coming to tea," Gay had said, flinging herself out of Mildred's door on Mildred's very birthday morning.

She did not come because she was proud. But how she missed the day, this special day which she always spent with Milly and Milly's friends.

It seemed as if that quarrel would never be made up. Neither girl would be the first

to make friends, and although the geography book turned up in another girl's school-locker it did not make things better.



"Come in," cried Gay

Milly and Gay, those old friends, passed each other on the road, in the school, with averted eyes.

Then one day Milly's Aberdeen terrier Jock, beloved of all, was missing.

She was hunting for him miserably, on the third day of his absence, when suddenly, round a bend in the road, came Gay with Jock trotting quite cheerfully beside her, safe and well!

Gay was talking to him. Milly gave a gasp of pleasant surprise.

Forgetting all about the quarrel, she rushed up to them, seized fat, struggling Jock up in her arms, and cried "Oh, Gay! Thank you so much for finding him."

"But I didn't," Gay explained, smiling happily. "He must have gone off hunting,

Dr MERRYMAN

Not At All Well

THE diner was not at all satisfied.

"Waiter!" he called, "are you sure this fish was cured?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure," was the reply.

"Well, it's had a relapse."

Ssh! Not a Word

JINKS: The Hinks are keeping their removal to Subbubville a secret, aren't they?

Binks: Well, that's what they are telling everybody.

Jemima's Jolly Jersey



JEMIMA has a jersey With a pattern round about; It's inside when she's out, you see— And sometimes inside out!

Too Bad

IT was obvious that Billie had not been listening while Teacher was explaining the meaning of the word insulate.

"Now, Billie, give me a sentence containing the word insulate," Teacher said.

"Mother asked me why I came insulate from school," he replied.

A Much-Wanted Man

A YOUNG actor applied for work of the Casting Director of the Big Noise Film Company.

"Nothing doing at present," said the big man. "See me in two months time."

"If you really want me you'd better sign me on now," replied the actor; "there are lots of other companies after me."

"Oh?" queried the director doubtfully, "and what companies are they?"

"The gas company, the water company, and the electric power company."

No Marks

TEACHER: What is a fish-net made of, Tommy?

Thomas: A lot of little holes tied together with string.

JOCK THE PEACEMAKER

the wretch! I met him in the quarry."

"Poor old thing!" said Milly, giving him a hug. "I wonder if he's hungry."

They were just passing Gay's gate.

"Come in here, and we will give him something!" cried Gay.

Mildred had not been in Gay's home for weeks. But now, with Jock walking with great dignity between them, the girls entered side by side.

You may be sure they gave Jock some extra bones in the great delight of finding him, and in the even greater delight of the knowledge that he had been the peacemaker in a very silly quarrel.

Stop that cold with



Here is the way to treat a cold!

Put a drop of Vapex on a clean handkerchief each morning and inhale its pleasantly antiseptic vapour often during the day. In crowded railway carriages, stuffy buses and in offices where the air is saturated with germs, the clean penetrating vapour of Vapex will reach the deep recesses of the nose and throat, and preserve health by destroying the enemies of health. It is so simple—a drop of Vapex on your handkerchief—instantly available, instantly effective.

Vapex grows stronger upon exposure to the air and gives you all-day comfort and protection. And a drop on your pillow fights a cold while you sleep.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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